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Vol. CXXVI. No. 1643 JULY 18, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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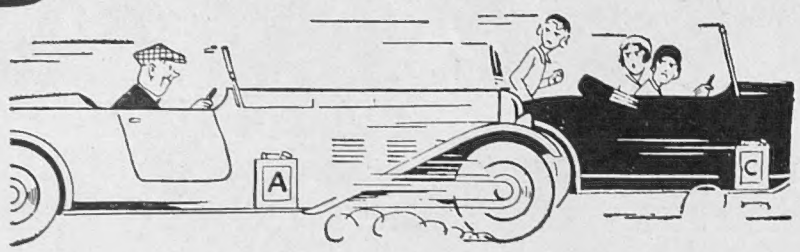
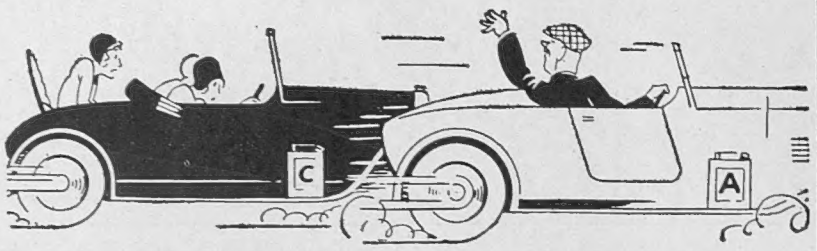
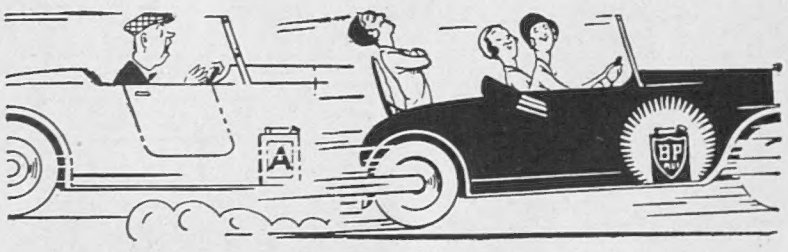


Georgy Porgy, putting on speed,



Passed the girls
and took the lead,

So all the girls
were quick to see



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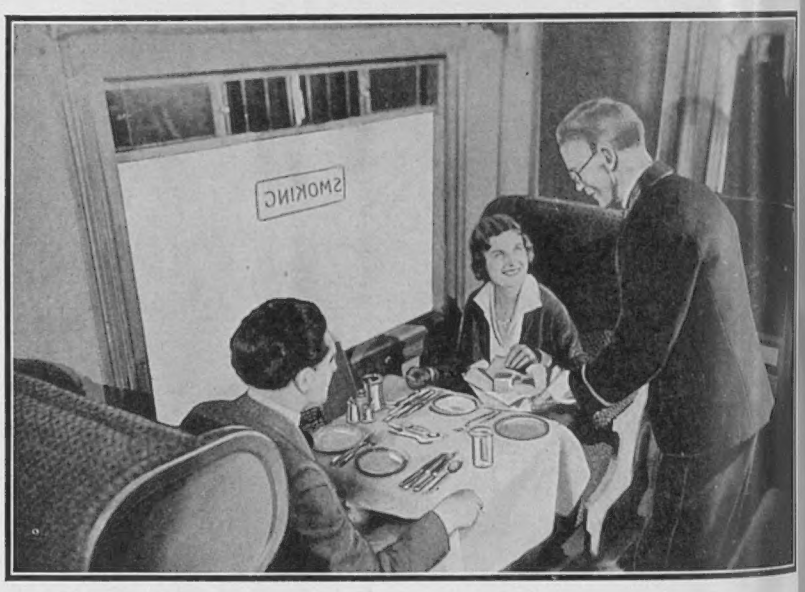

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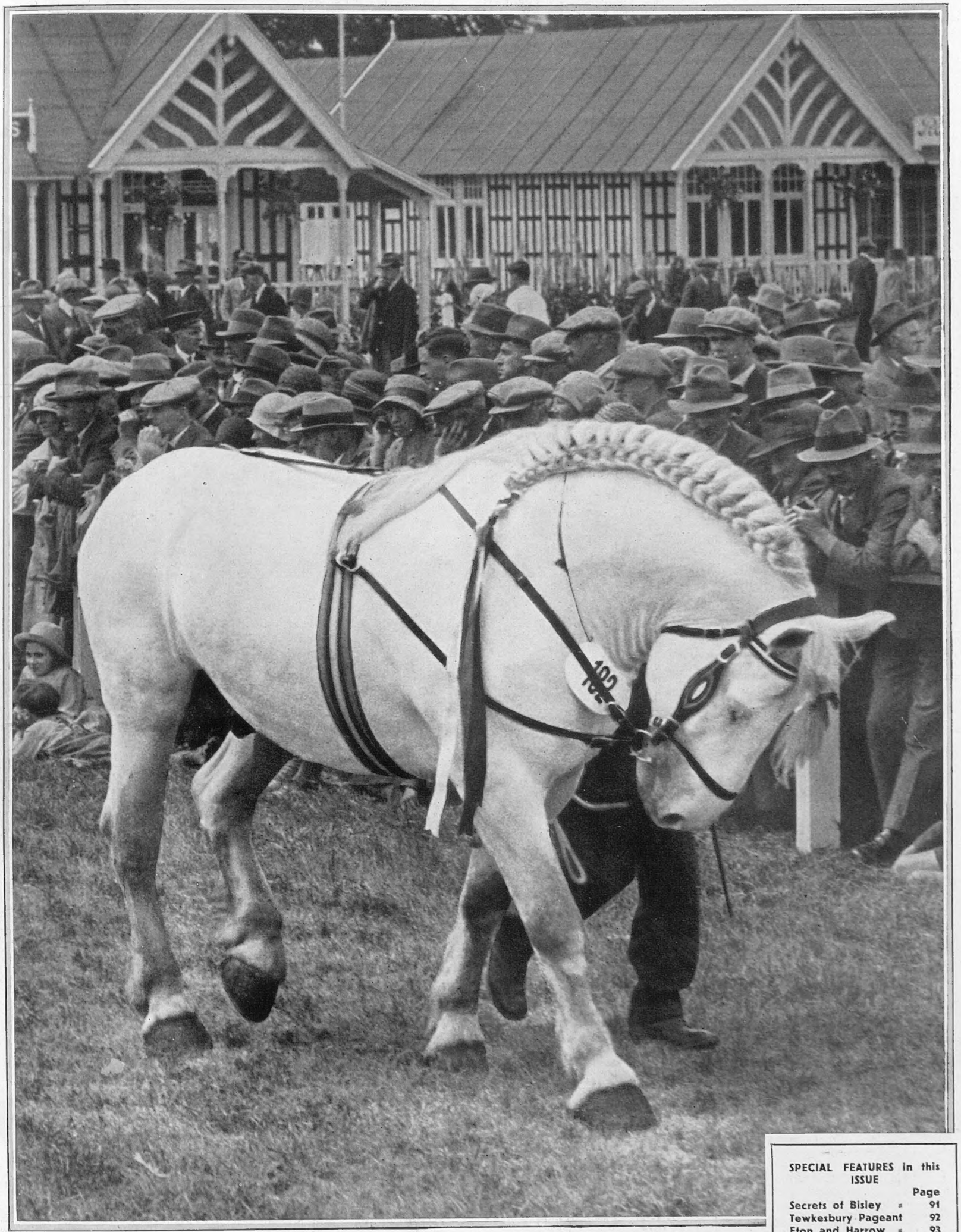

A SPLENDID SURVIVOR IN PETROL DAYS:

One of the Most Magnificent Prizewinners at the Royal Agricultural Show held at Warwick

This fine grey Percheron stallion, Histon Drayman 4th, a magnificent mover, owned by Mr. J. P. Morgan of Wall Hall, Watford, and bred by Chivers and Son of Histon, Cambs., took the second prize in its class at the Royal Show held at Warwick last week. The event attracted great attention in agricultural communities throughout the country, for it was feared that foot-and-mouth disease rendered it likely that the only live-stock shown would be horses; this fortunately was not the case

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A London Newsletter

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 15, 1931.

Courage.—In the first half of the nineteenth century the poets of the hour recognized as one of their functions the commemoration of great deeds of courage, and thus it is that most of the epics of heroism, from "Casabianca" to "The Charge of the Light Brigade," are graven for ever on our memories. It is a thousand pities that the modern poet finds so material a theme *vieux jeu*, and has not time to spare from recording his gloomy introspections. Else, would not our poets burn to immortalize the glorious story of Willis of *Poseidon*? Here is courage which our British Navy has bred for centuries, sheer, cool, selfless heroism which is as different from hot-blood dash and fiery recklessness as the sun from a flash of lightning. Here is the white heat of flame that inspires our race, a flame which it is the earnest endeavour of the Navy League to keep alight, the courage of endurance which was Scott's and the heroes of Zeebrugge. It is indeed a pity that poetry no longer finds its best expression in deeds of action and heroism, because poetry is the finest vehicle for bringing such example and such inspiration to the knowledge of the youth of succeeding generations. There is real danger that the heroism of Scott, of the heroes of the Great War, and of the splendid post-War band to which Willis belongs may not live in memory as the great deeds of the early nineteenth century will live. Ever, it seems to me, our race outdoes the sheer courage of its ancestors, and the more our pessimists cry Decadence, the more our brave men give them the lie.

Post-dating the Coal Reckoning.—In record time last week—amid innumerable distractions of a frivolous kind—the Coal Mines Bill, an admittedly emergency measure, was rushed through to the Statute Book. That the Bill is a bad Bill, in principle and as a precedent, almost all shades of opinion agree. It was not obstructed for one reason only, that a coal strike at this juncture would put a final end to our hopes of reviving trade. Once more we have shelved a vital issue and post-dated another inevitable reckoning. And we have wasted a fortnight of valuable time in threshing through a measure, dear to Mr. Snowden's ideals, the fruits of which certainly he, and probably the country, will never reap. Not that wages in the coal industry is a subject for adjustment by discussion in the House. Not a member with any knowledge of the industry but stressed the absurdity of that principle. The injustice which the measure inflicts on many Scottish coal mines indicates the futility of block legislation and the inevitable failure of Parliamentary control. But in that valuable fortnight the problem could have been tackled with courage and sane methods of solving it could have been initiated. Like the Budget, and the Dole problem, and the Unemployment question, the coal measure is one more example of the Government's weakness in our crisis. It will not face the facts, refuses to tell the voters the unpleasant truth, dares not disregard the promptings of the Trades Unions, and lies, impotent and bound, in the fetters of indecision and cowardice.

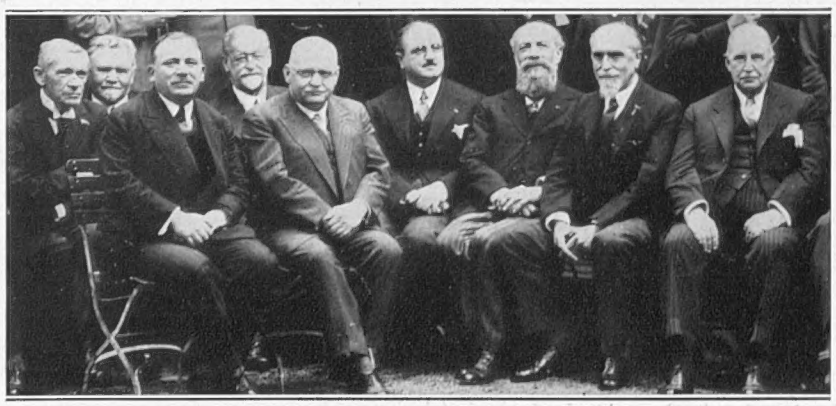
Brighter and Brighter Cricket.—Black as it is to-day, the year 1931 will not be all-black. It will be happily remembered as a great year for bright cricket. We old pavilion grumblers are being positively spoilt. On the top of the most sporting Test match in decades, we are to be given two more Test matches—two more doses of Test fever. And, as if that were not enough, here is the Gentlemen and Players' match starting with two really interesting teams, including two "Indian potentates" of magnetic attraction, as well as such new stars as Brown, Bakewell, Perks, and Arnold to watch in their courses. And then what shall I say of the second day's play in the 'Varsity match? The oldest member recalls no more stimulating cricket. I mark up with a red chalk several glorious items of that day. First, the Cambridge fielding. It reminded me of the Australians. It was as good as last year it was bad. Second, that gorgeous half-hour when Pataudi was reaching his first century and Owen-Smith his half-century against the infinite patience and craft of Brown whose skill, I hear, the experts watched with bated breath. And last the long-drawn-out agony while the record-breaking record was in doubt. Oh for a few more such days at Lord's! Oh for a few more Nawabs with hawk eyes that make possible those late cuts and those pulls of shooters on the off-stump, those placed singles between the keenest of covers! Was cricket ever brighter?

HARMONY OUT OF DISCORD: The three party leaders, the three Prime Ministers of England, all speak for once on the same side. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Baldwin were caught by the camera in these singularly characteristic poses during their speeches at the great Peace Meeting at the Albert Hall last week-end. 7,000 were present and there were two overflow meetings. The plea for world disarmament was uttered visibly by the Gael, vitriolically by the Celt, earnestly by the Saxon. A talkie was made of the scene which was attended by deputations from many organizations, such as the Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, and Y.M.C.A. The proceedings were enlivened by a middle-aged spinster of Putney (by an irony she lives next door to the Home Secretary!) who, seated at the press table, suddenly flung "stink-bombs" of sulphuretted hydrogen in glass containers at the feet of the Labour and Liberal leaders. The disturber, who declared herself a "universal Fascist," was forcibly removed, proving to her own satisfaction at least that force is the only ultimate and successful argument

The Tide Turns.—And then the third day! "Shall you be coming up to-morrow?" "Well, no, I think not; it's bound to be a draw." And by all the laws of probability it was a certain draw. But a few old stagers knew the Lord's wicket and the infinite possibilities of cricket. And to an Oxford man, sick of being labelled as decadent, what were a few pounds earned by stockbroking compared with the satisfaction of that long-delayed triumph? All through the match we had hurled our bricks at the Oxford bowlers, but on the third day they whittled out Cambridge for a paltry hundred or so. For when the tide of fortune turns at last, it rolls back in a mountainous bore. For eight years we have waited for this moment. Fortune is merry and in this mood will give us anything. The tide has turned, and solely in view of the Cantabs' fielding, I am deferring for a few weeks my Sunday article entitled "Is Cambridge decadent?" As for the Eton and Harrow, a valiant effort was made to revive the dying interest in that fixture (as a game). 540 runs for 7 wickets, all on a summer's day, was quite a hopeful start. But the end was, as usual, pathos.

Census Statistics.—The Registrar-General's decade figures of population are the best advertisement for the value in deduction and accuracy of prophecy which statistics can afford. The forecasts of the last census are proved curiously right. Mortality and births have both declined as expected, and the decline in the birth rate is regarded as of sufficient gravity for a warning. At this rate our population (which is indeed up 2,000,000 since the last census) will reach its high-water mark in 1950 or thereabouts and then decline. It is unlikely that, if it does, we shall feel the misfortune until about the year 2000, when we shall have ceased to care about terrestrial traffic congestion; therefore the warning is addressed to our young children whom we are invited to train up to the Victorian ideals of family life which made us what we are. And indeed there is no reason why the habit of mind and of practice of to-day may not twice or thrice undergo a complete *volte face* before the year 2000. For the rest the drift of population to the towns and to the south are both in accord with prophecy based on logical economic facts. In all these interesting figures perhaps the most interesting section is that which deals with the rise and decline of towns and cities. For here the stern logic of economic fact is not the sole deciding factor—the whims and fashions of the human being are mainly responsible for the setting up of one and the decline of another settlement. Dagenham has increased its population by 900 per cent., Eastbourne has decreased by 7 per cent. There are still 1,500,000 surplus women, and Sussex is their headquarters. Scotland has somehow managed to decrease her population by emigration in the past decade.

U.S. and Child Prisoners.—Recently a commission of inquiry into conditions in American prisons for young offenders presented its report to the President. From this report emerged details of brutality, cruelty and overcrowding so revolting as to recall the worst features of prison life in the Middle Ages. Leading newspapers in England last week naturally gave notice to this report and people who read the severer strictures felt justified in saying that America, in her ghastly failure in the prevention of crime and the correction of criminals, was not yet fit to be ranked as a civilized nation. It is dangerous to criticize the institutions of any country (even one's own, I often think). America and her difficulties we understand least of all foreign countries. It was soon pointed out that there exists at Washington a most efficient organization which is doing splendid work in the reform and humanization of the treatment of young offenders, and that even England does not disdain to learn its methods. It was pointed out, first, that there are no persons under 16 in Federal prisons, and secondly that the report probably referred to young offenders against Federal laws committed to various State schools by the Federal authorities. No doubt we all assumed too much and condemned too easily. Yet, the facts recorded remain and are not yet contradicted. As long as the American Constitution remains the unwieldy instrument it is, endeavouring, as it must, to control a nation composed of every race and creed, and as long as the administration of justice is closely bound up with politics and constantly interrupted by political changes, so long, I fear, must America lag behind civilization in the efficiency, impartiality and humanity of her justice.



THE BANKERS AT BASLE: A few of the great gathering of financial experts assembled to clear up the loose ends in connection with the Hoover Moratorium. In this picture are seen Dr. Sarasin of Switzerland, M. Moret of France, Herr Reisch of Austria, Dr. Luther of Germany, Signor Assolini of Italy, M. Franck of Belgium, Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, and Mr. McGarragh, President of the Bank of International Settlements

The Lights of London.—I have known London pretty well for forty years and more, but still she holds surprises for me. Last week the atmosphere was very clear as it so often is when settled weather comes in after rain in early July. As a result, the "floodlight" effects of nature transcended anything which art can accomplish. The north-westerly rays of the setting sun between 8 and 8.30 p.m. utterly transfigured and etherealized the fine buildings seen from the Mall. The Government buildings are beautiful at a distance in any light and from every angle. But when Queen Anne's Mansions are caught like some sultan's turret in a noose of light and transformed into a gorgeous palace of opal and jasper, it is something to gasp at and remember. Add to this the superb green setting of St. James's Park with pink and golden flower-beds mirrored in the placid water, and it were not surprising if foreign visitors awarded the palm of beauty beyond any capital in Europe to London.

"The Land of Smiles."—I would not have missed hearing Herr Tauber at Drury Lane, for his golden voice is produced with less effort than any voice I remember. Lehar's music is always melodious, and there is a very remarkable duet in the first act. Yet I wonder whether ever before so much fine singing, good music, and expenditure of pains and money have been wasted on so slight, so trivial, so ridiculous a theme. Musical comedy—this is essentially of the pre-war type — was always thin, the plot notoriously feeble; but *The Land of Smiles* is surely the barest and nakedest ever revealed. It is a light opera essentially for the ear and not the eye. For Herr Tauber, presumably in an effort to look like a mandarin, made the most lamentable faces, and the eye discovered what the ear often fails to discover, thanks to the polyglot cast, the bathos of every situation and the incredible thinness of the book. So I shut my eyes and was enchanted; and I am sorry this nightingale has flown.

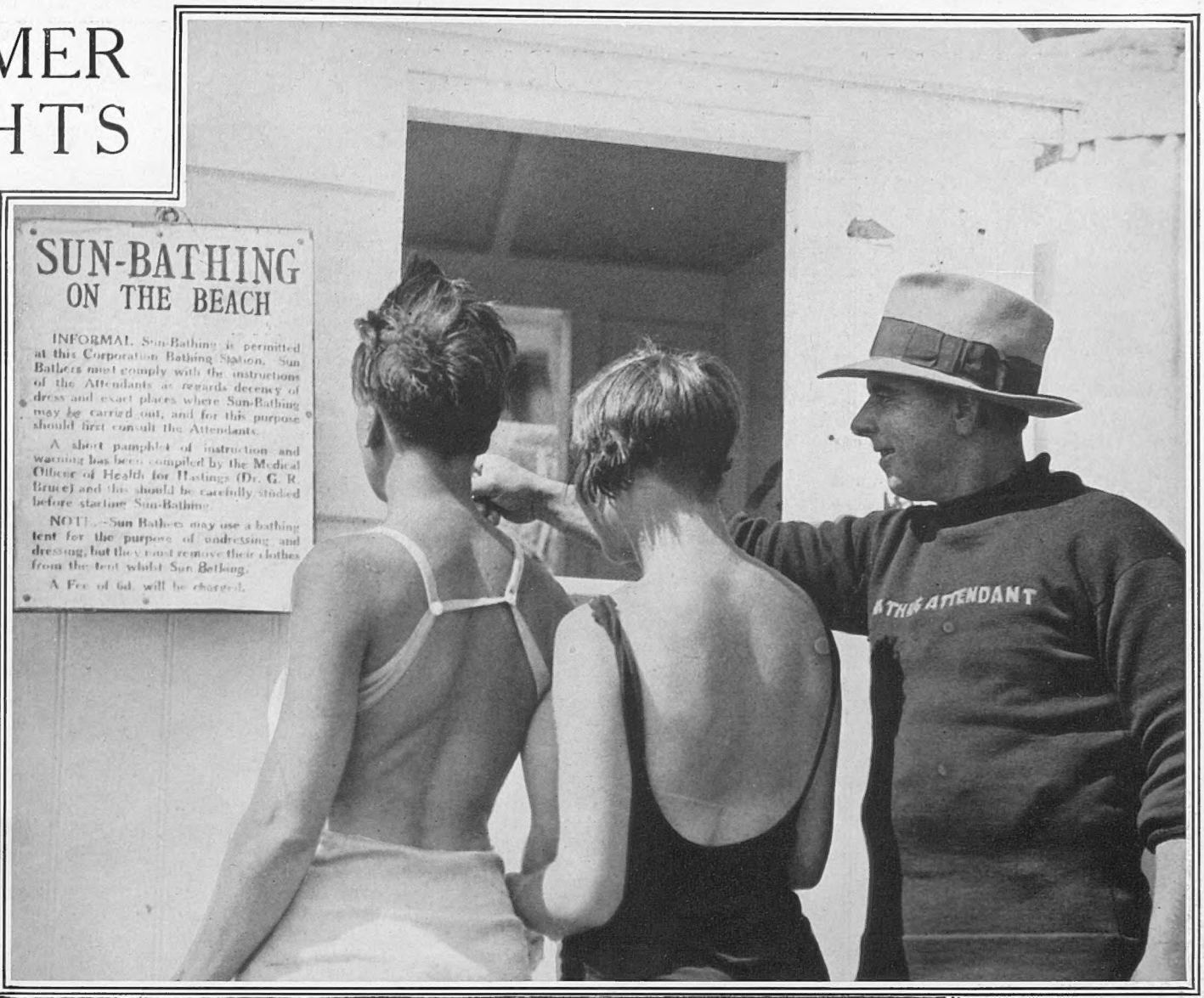
A Bright Young Man in Canada.—That very bright young man—Randolph Churchill—did not apparently register his greatest success in Canada, to judge by a batch of clippings and comments I have received from a friend out there. On any subject but politics he is likeable and winning, but the moment the conversation turns even obliquely on politics it seems that, in Canada at any rate, he was quite unable to prevent himself (or perhaps to resist) putting up the backs of all and sundry. After a certain speech in Toronto, he was a marked man and lucky, if my information is correct, not to be permanently marked. I have seldom read such bitter comments on a very young and unimportant person as appeared in the Toronto Press. Other clippings indicate that the matter and point and wit and delivery of Lord Bessborough's speeches on various occasions have won the highest praise from all sorts and conditions.

The Noble Lords.—Mr. MacDonald has sworn vengeance against the House of Lords. We do not know whether he will ever have a chance to carry it out. If he has that chance, and if Mr. Lloyd George still possesses a following which, dancing to whatever tune Mr. MacDonald may pipe, can give a majority to the Government, no doubt that vengeance will be rich and dire. And if the Upper House is abolished or emasculated, we shall justly admit that nothing in its long life became it so much as its leaving of it. For of late, with that cry of vengeance ringing in its ears, the House of Lords has dealt courageously and patriotically and statesmanly with some of the most frivolous and fantastic measures which ever wasted the time of Parliament in a grave crisis in our affairs. The Upper House has in the last two years won admirers from every rank and class and party. Whatever laurels have been won in our politics in recent times, the Upper House wears them. It is the Commons that are responsible for the lamentable decline in Parliamentary prestige. Fighting for its existence, the Upper House has done everything possible to arrest the ruin of our country and the degradation of our Parliamentary institutions.

THE OLD STAGER

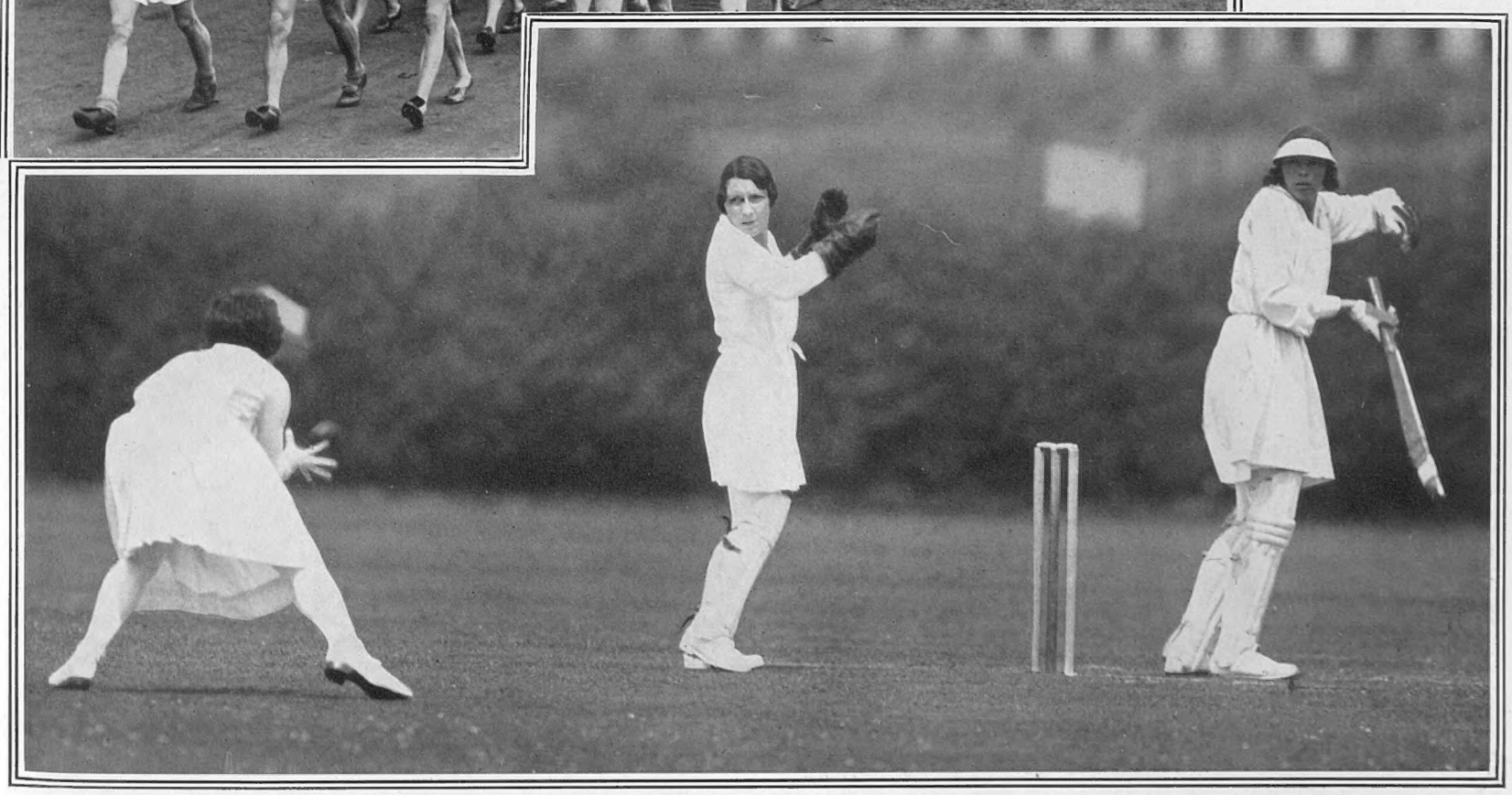
SUMMER SIGHTS

and Sounds Crowd in Upon Us



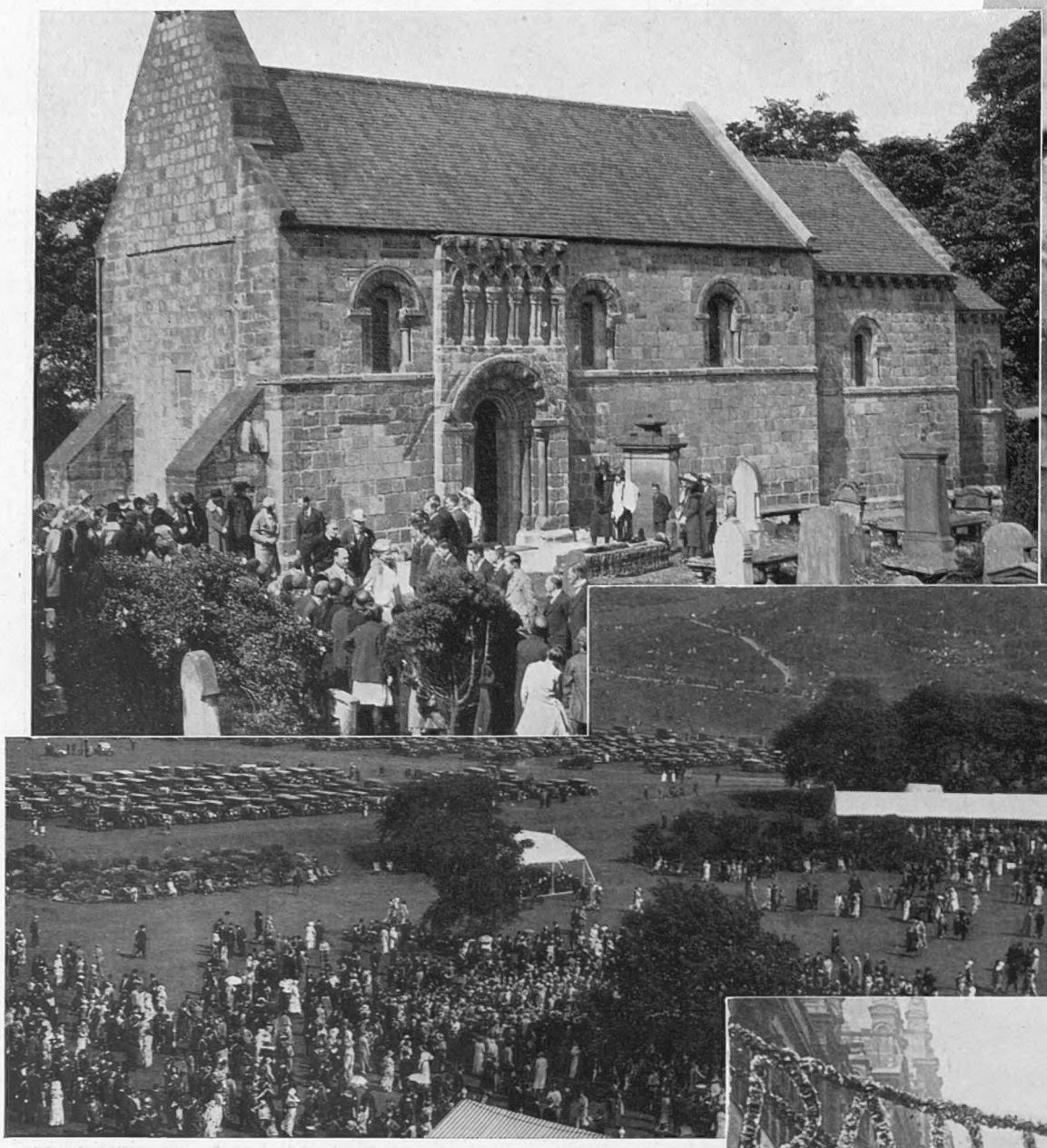
Right—SUNBATHING ENACTMENTS AT HASTINGS: The rules for this popular pastime are rigidly enforced. Two sunbathers in open-backed costumes are seen reading the rules under the guidance of an attendant

Left—THE PARADE OF THE COMPETITORS: The inter-county athletic championships were held at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea. Middlesex again won the championships by 70½ points, other placings being Surrey, 40; Essex, 39; Herts, 34; Kent, 27; Sussex, 26. Times were slow owing to conditions



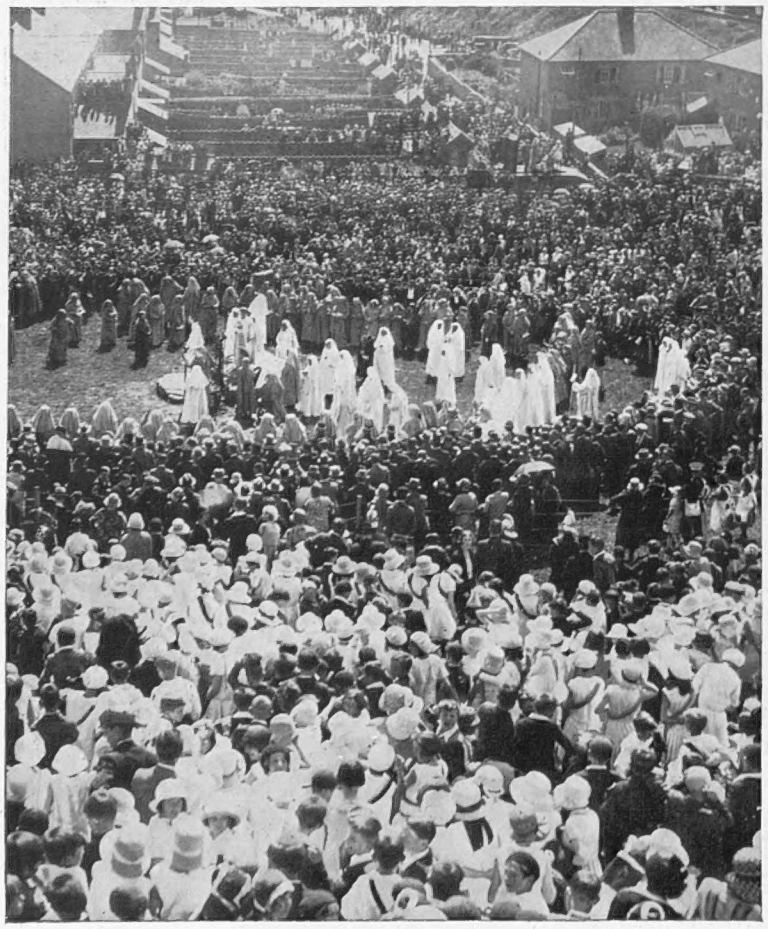
WOMEN PLAY CRICKET: A moment during the "South *v.* The Rest of England" match at Beckenham—one of the most important of fixtures in women's cricket. Miss Radcliffe (South) has a narrow escape from being caught in the slips. Much controversy has been raging of late as to whether or no cricket is a game for the fair sex. One noted male exponent has recorded the following sentiments: ". . . The more I see of women's cricket, the more convinced I become that it can never be real cricket . . . women as a whole are physically incapable of playing the game as it was meant to be played. They have not the strength of wrist, the stamina, or the general physique . . . the batting was painstaking to a degree but ungainly . . . almost all their movements were awkward . . ."

PROVINCIAL PROCEEDINGS



THE KING GOES RACING: A greeting by Lord Rosebery at Musselburgh. *Above on left* is the Royal exodus from Dalmeny church—a Norman building now restored

THE HOLYROOD GARDEN PARTY: An overhead view of one of the main functions of the Scottish season. During the parade of splendour, a fierce rainstorm ruined £50,000 worth of finery

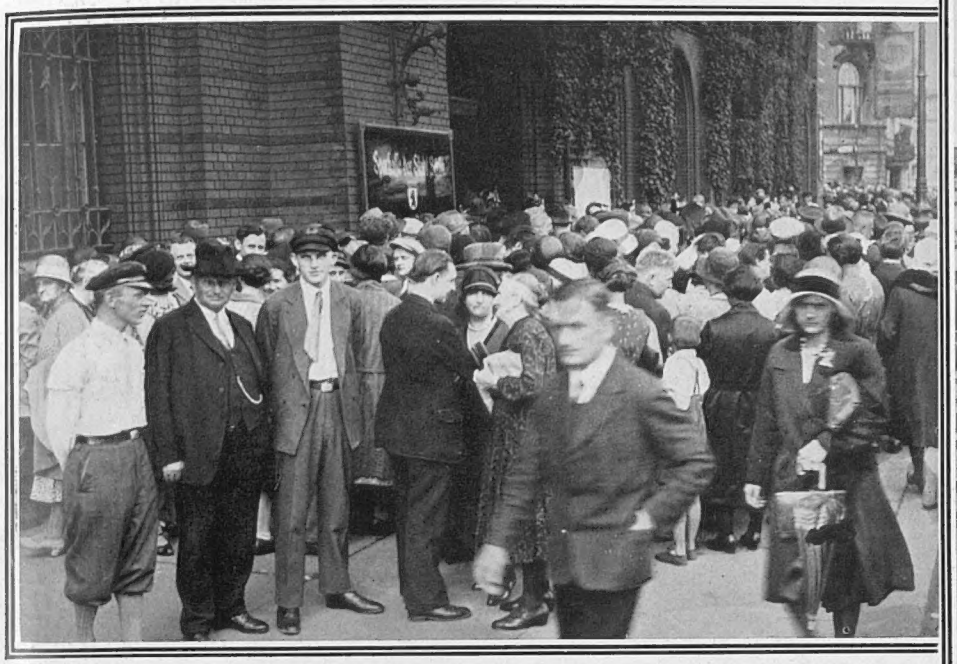


EISTEDDFOD IN WALES: The old days and the old songs of the Bards were seen and sung again in Wales at the Eisteddfod held at Port Talbot a few days ago

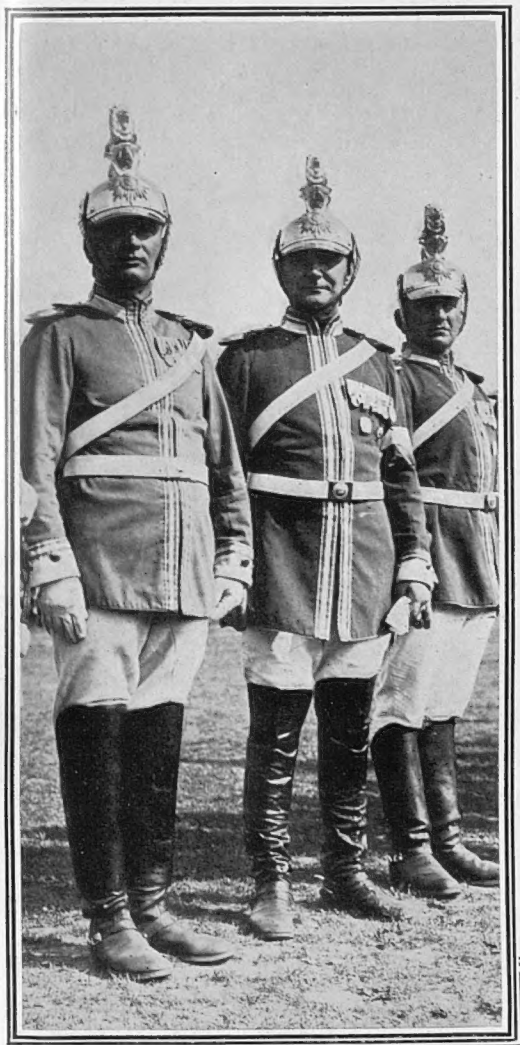
TELESCOPED HISTORY AT BRADFORD: Roman chariots, headed by a knight in armour, were the great features of the Bradford Pageant which passed through the centre of the famous Yorkshire woolopolis

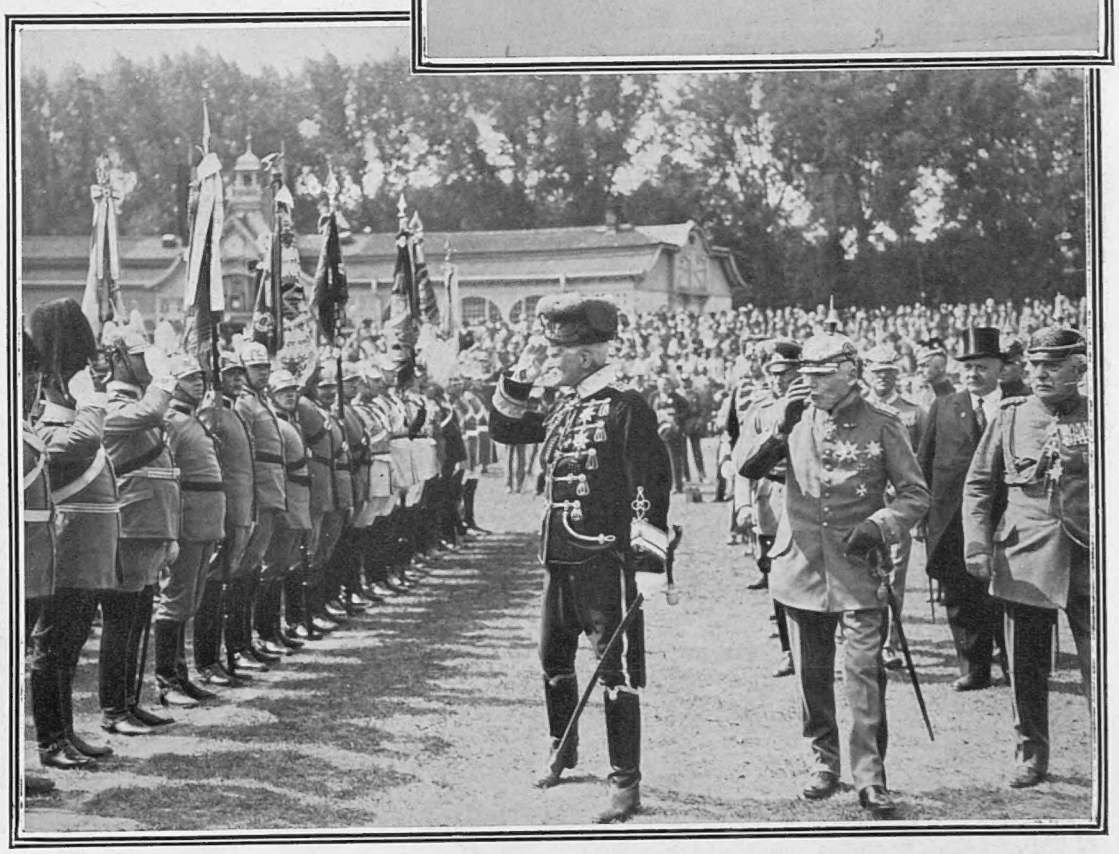
GERMANY disturbs EUROPE

Three Simultaneous Events which Tell Their Own Story



THE RUN ON THE GERMAN BANK: Clients of the "Danat" Bank, which suspended payment, congregated outside the premises. The calling in of loans both of German and foreign creditors occasioned this drastic step. The German Government has, however, guaranteed the deposits





THE OLD GERMANY: Field-Marshal General von Mackensen in Hussar uniform inspects the Waffenring Deutschen Kavallerie—a gathering of the cavalry of the old army—at Dresden. A detachment of Reichswehr guaranteed order. On left is a trio of typical Bavarian cavalrymen

THE TRICOLOR: A great review was recently held in Paris when the tattered banners of the French regiments who fought through the war were taken from their resting-place at Les Invalides and carried in review before General Weygand, Chief of Staff of the French Army. This picture shows General Weygand handing the standards to the colour-bearers for the march past, of which he subsequently took the salute. General Gouraud is seen on the right

NEWS *from the* PROV-INCES

The Prince of Wales with the D.C.L.I.; The English Entrants for the Detroit News Trophy; the Auto-giro at Blackpool

TO PRESENT COLOURS: The Prince of Wales arrives on the parade ground at Blenheim Barracks, Aldershot, to present new colours to the 2nd Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry of which he is the Colonel-in-Chief

LANDING ON A TENNIS COURT: Proof of the achievements of a "windmill" 'plane was given at the National Flying Services pageant at Blackpool when the invention of Senor Juan de la Cierva demonstrated how little landing-space and take-off it needed by descending on a tennis court

Inset—*AMERICA WITHDRAWS FROM THE DETROIT NEWS TROPHY: England's entrants—H. Scott-Paine* (Miss Britain II) *and F. White* (Whyteleaf III) *in lifebelts at the wheels of their boats. The race now lies between these two contestants owing to the last-minute withdrawal of the Americans, and a special event is being organized by the Royal Motor Yacht Club. The Prince of Wales is greatly interested in motor-boating*

LIFTING *the* VEIL *at* BISLEY:

The Secret City of the Brotherhood of the Gun

By W. HOLT-WHITE

" Hail to thee, blythe spirit
Bird thou never wert."

That's Mr. Shelley on the skylark, and you quite reasonably ask, what have larks to do with Bisley or Bisley with larks? The answer is—quite a lot. But let me explain.

This season my ears have been assailed, assaulted, and shattered, till my whole head rang unbearably, with three successive sets of distinctive and devastating noises.

First, there was Brooklands where in the Double Twelve races the big cars went R-R-R-R-R-R-R-oomp, R-R-R-R-R-R-R-oomp, and the little cars went R-r-r-r-r-r-eech, r-r-r-r-r-r-r-eech. This hour after hour in a perfect pandemonium of racket. And then, suddenly, there would momentarily fall an uncanny silence, and in the silence there were larks singing—singing "fit to bust."

Then Croydon, where, hour after hour, the engines of the giant air-liners went zoom-zoom overhead. And on the ground before they started, or when they had come to anchor, they went ceaselessly zroo-zroo-zroo-oomph—like dynamos which split the head. But here, too, silences would fall swiftly and unexpectedly; and in those swift-coming, unexpected silences one could hear above the aerodrome the singing of larks — shrill, indomitable, triumphant. Little birds laughing at the giant 'planes.

Now here, at Bisley, while the shooting's on, there is another racket. A very devil's tattoo. In the distance there is rat-rat-rat-tat-tat. Service rifles hammering out bullets with the swift persistency of the very devil's own hammer flailing the very devil's own anvil. Or, nearer at hand, these same service rifles going pang-pang-pang-pang-pang with the numbing effect one gets in a rivetting shop. Or the game guns on the clay pigeon ground bang-bang; with the sharper, more dangerous note of Colt pistols breaking in from the revolver range hard by. And in the distance again, soft and yet staccato, the never-ending ppf-ppf-ppf-ppf-ppf of the small bores down in the valley.

And here, as at Brooklands and at Croydon, sudden, swift, uncanny silences; and in these momentary uncanny silences above the bullet-swept ranges, larks singing in a loud unconquerable chorus.

Birds? Impossible! I'm all for Shelley's theory. Only blythe spirits could sing with such operatic success amid the myriad bullets of Bisley.

Bisley. What is Bisley, and where is it?

It's a place where once a year somebody wins the King's Prize. Apart from that it's more or less a mystery. As a fact Bisley is one of the world's greatest and best-kept secrets. Where it is, why it is, and all the glories of it are known to 60,000 members of the National Rifle Association. To them Bisley is the Mecca of their annual pilgrimage—the holy of holies of their dreams. But if you are a member of the N.R.A. you are a member of a sort of freemasonic body, the members of which, I fancy, must be sworn to silence as to the wonders of the Secret City of the Big Shots.

For it *is* a secret city. You never heard a man say, "I take a hut at Bisley every year—it's the finest holiday in the world." You never heard a man say, "Come down to Bisley and I'll give you a couple of rounds on the best golf course in the world." Yet there's the golf course. You never heard a man say, "Run down to Bisley, we've got tennis courts you can't beat anywhere." But the tennis courts are there. You never heard a man say, "Come down to my club at Bisley, and I'll give you a topping little dinner." Yet the clubs are there—a whole row of them. And there is no doubt about the dinner.

Nor have you ever heard a man say to a lady, "I'll run you down to Bisley in the car. There's a ripping band in the umbrella tent, and for beauty of surroundings and general pleasantness it's got Ranelagh beaten to a frazzle." Yet all these things are true. Oh, it's a very secret city on the hill is Bisley, but a secret worth knowing.

Take down a road map and you will find that you can rule off a neat equilateral triangle between the points occupied by Bagshot, Woking, and Aldershot. Bisley is therefore well within the borders of soldierdom, which is just as well because it draws largely on the Aldershot Command for its personnel.

And now let us suppose that your car has survived the Sahara-like tracks which lead up from Knapp Hill. There is a challenge by a "red cap" at the iron gates; you brandish your membership ticket which is the pass-word; and you are within the Secret City of the Brotherhood of the Gun.

The surroundings in which you find yourself after the bleak roads you have traversed come somewhat as a shock. To begin with, though there is nothing more English the world over than the N.R.A., the place doesn't look English. It looks like the sort of Garden City you would find either in the east or the far west of Canada. The main street is wide and wooded and is bordered by low-built, veranda-ed, wood constructed buildings, outside which are parked long avenues of cars. And the illusion that one is in Canada in summer-time is heightened by the rarefied atmosphere, the burning sunshine, and perhaps by the fact that the word "Canada" flaunts in giant letters over the low tree-tops which screen the Canadian pavilion.

Midway up Main Street stands the N.R.A. offices. They act as the City Hall — or perhaps, one should say, the War Office. For the stamp of the soldier is on everything at Bisley, from the smartness of the paint to the general air of urbane good manners which comes from a sense of discipline.

The Secretary for War—I should say the Secretary of the N.R.A. and executive officer—is Major C. E. Etches. Unhurrying, humorous, spectacled, benign, he is vested with all the powers of a G.O.C. and all the worries of a town major. There is nothing that he is not. Eighty range officers do their duty at his bidding. Twelve hundred men drawn from the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force serve on the ranges or in the butts. He is the licensee of the hotel opposite. He is in charge of the hospital, its ambulance men and its nurses. And nothing irks him, nothing worries him.

A thousand public schoolboys come in to shoot, and Eton public schoolboys are a possible source of infection. Boys will develop things like measles. He sees to it, therefore, that each one of these comes with a clean bill of health. He houses them, feeds them, sees to the allocation of their ranges, and when they are gone, two days later, he has not turned a hair. In a sweep at the back of his headquarters is Club Row—the clubs, for instance, of the Inns of Court, the H.A.C., the Ibis, the Artists. They are clubs which naturally require little or no supervision. But they must obey regulations, and Major Etches is there to see that regulations are maintained from reveille to lights out.

Major Etches has an almost infinitude of other responsibilities—the quartermaster's stores, the optician's, the N.R.A. shops, the armourer's, the kitchens. Then there are the tenants of his huts. Men who come year after year for their secret Bisley holiday. There is the renting of all these huts, furnished and unfurnished. And acres and acres and acres of tents—the Americans, the Indians, the range officers—the majority of the population of the City of Bisley sleep under canvas.

And without the city walls are other camps which house naval ratings, men from the Royal Air Force and two whole battalions drawn from the Aldershot Command who work by day upon the ranges. There are people who think that Bisley is a place to which odds and ends of humanity go to lie on their tummies for a few hours to shoot for prizes. Bisley as it really is is a city and an armed camp in which sometimes 5,000 souls lie down to sleep o' night. And in the mornings there are "rounds" and inspection.

The Camp Commandant sees to it that the domestic duties of the inhabitants of the huts are properly carried out. Every tent must be taut without and trim within.

Yet the discipline does not irk. The provisions which govern Bisley are wise. If you are in uniform, then Heaven help you if your tunic is open at the neck. But if you elect to go in mufti, then you can go as you please. And if dress reformers want to see how men will dress themselves in mufti in the absence of the softening influence of woman, then he had better go to Bisley.

Never were such types as you meet up and down Main Street. Towering, lean brigadiers, groomed to a hair and with breastfuls of ribbons. No spurs, yet you can almost hear the jingle of spurs as they pass. Eagle-nosed, blue-eyed men who have fought the world all over. Distinguished members of the Brotherhood of the Gun.

For either you love a rifle or you don't. And all these men do. When they run their left hand along a barrel, its metal is as sweet and silky to their palm as a woman's arm. And when they take the stock into their shoulder it rests there like the nestling head of some beloved.

That's how these men love their rifles, and seemingly it is a love which does not change from youth to age. There are lads in shirts and shorts! Men of middle age in flannel trousers and ragged sporting jackets with elbow pads; and men with white beards who affect the knickerbockers of a bygone generation, and who even walk a little falteringly, but the pupils of whose eyes are as round and sharp and metallic as the point of a bead sight. And these Brothers of the Gun are happy. Ragged, dishevelled, sun-baked, but whether winners or losers, happy. They come from "down under," they come from Labrador, from the Cape, from Central Africa, from the West Indies, from Scotland, from Ireland, from New Zealand, from Tooting, Hampstead, Wigan, and the Falkland Isles.

They seem to be a vast family of happy ragamuffins. Watch them stretched out on the ranges of Stickle Down. Their backs present the backs of an army of tramps. A smart naval rating is calling out the score. "Private Snooks — an inner. General Blank—an outer."

There they lie, side by side, private and general, keen as mustard, happy as clams. It is the Brotherhood of the Gun.

And over this curious medley of riflemen presides an officer of the R.A.F. The handbook of the N.R.A. says that the committee will not be responsible for telephonic communication with the butts. There, however, he is in full telephonic communication. And two of his charges apparently are firing on the same target. He is humorously polite in his admonitions. General and private raise their heads and protest politely that they have not fired on the same target. More telephonic communication. It seems that the men in the butts must be wrong.

And in the offing hovers a mounted orderly, a spruce figure on a glistening horse. His duty it is to gallop with the scores and any complaints of trouble to G.H.Q. But there is going to be no trouble on this occasion. The polished tact of the R.A.F. range officer obviates that.

Now let's have a look at the small bores. Miniature rifles lead "running deer" on targets. This is the really democratic part of the show. The crowd is thick along the ranges, and here are—rare sight at Bisley—women. Mothers with babies who have come down to see daddy shoot. Here and nowhere else there is a sort of bank holiday atmosphere. Oranges and babies' bottles and quite a clamour of talk, but all this is merely a concession on the part of the real Bisley.

Farther up the hill the devotees of clay pigeon shooting are at their deadly job. An old man like a bowed agricultural labourer is at the lever which works the traps.

It is curious to note how different are the clay pigeon shooters to the men of the rifle brigade. Their breeches, their stance, all the air of them, speaks not of the soldier, but of the sportsman. And their aim is miraculous.

But the great sweep of shooting is, of course, down on the century range. There the Brothers of the Gun lie in an almost interminable row. Pang-pang. Pang-pang. Pang-pang-pang. Pang. Sometimes there are pauses. Sometimes there is momentarily complete silence. And when that silence falls there is again that same miracle.

Above the bullet swept ranges you can hear the larks singing.

And then, as though compelled by some overmastering general impulse, the rifles will spit again all along the line, with a rat-rat-rat. Tat-tat. A rat-rat-tat which, with its ragged and intermittent intensity, recalls a memory of some badly winged machine gunner doing his last dying damnedest with the belt in his relaxing hands.

It's evening now, and all the rat-tat-tatting's finished. Above the silence of the ranges the larks are singing pianissimo as they do at vesper time. And all over the camp there is talk and the serving of dinners and the call for drink. And more talk.

The sun goes down over the hills beyond Camberley. It's a glorious night. Outside the tents, beyond the city, troops are smoking and resting their weary limbs. The band is playing in the umbrella tent. Up at the hospital they're rather afraid that someone's burst an appendix . . .

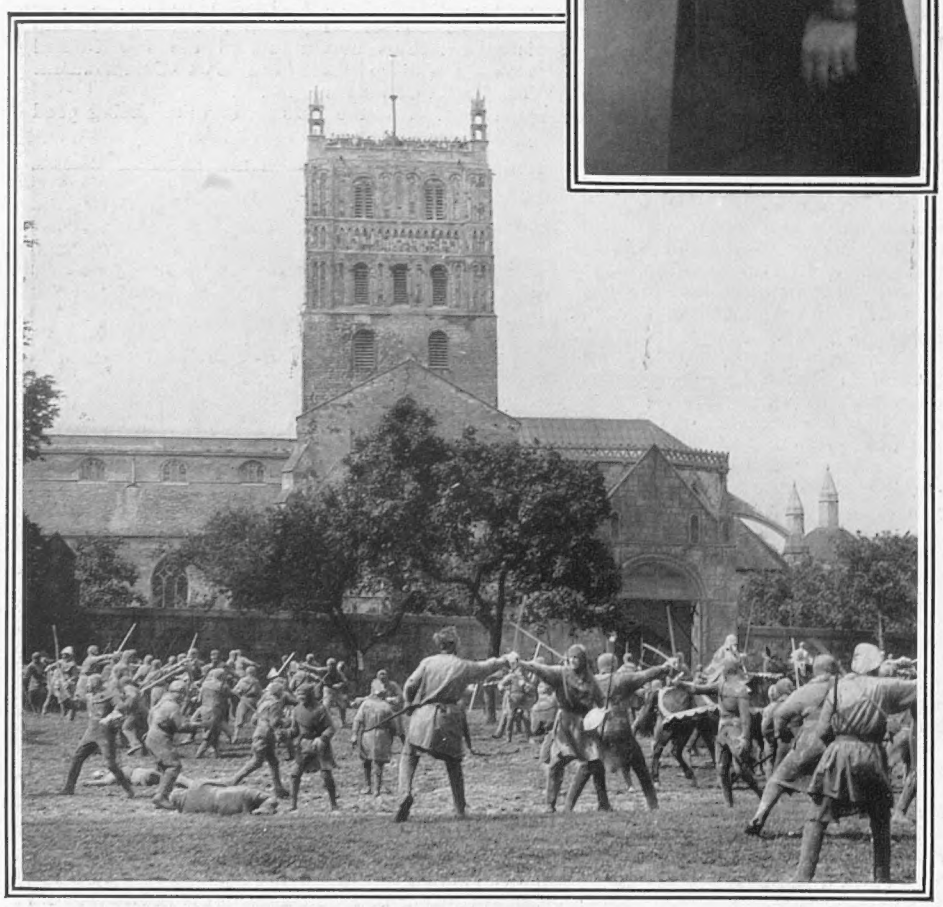
Eleven o'clock. Lights out. Most of the camp is asleep. The bugles remind the few belated revellers of the existence of the Camp Commandant. The Secret City sleeps . . .

Dawn. And the larks get in a thundering good innings before the rifles start again.

THE BISLEY THAT ONE SEES is but one side of the famous City of Shots. On this page a special "Sphere" Commissioner describes the hidden life of Bisley

HIS LADY'S FAVOUR: The marriage of Richard Beauchamp, Lord Abergavenny, and Isabel-le-Despencer. The bridegroom secures the bride's glove to his helm before going to the wars—a scene reincarnating an event of 1411

MERCY FOR A WITCH: Men of the Royal Guard release a witch from the ducking-stool — a Puritan device. The event occurred in 1643



THE BATTLE OF TEWKESBURY: The greatest event in the history of the old town occurred in the Wars of the Roses, its date 1471. *Inset above* is a study (by Lenare) of Mrs. Hubert Loder as Lady-in-waiting to Queen Margaret in the great four-day pageant produced by Miss Gwen Lally

TEWKESBURY

By F. B. BRADLEY-BIRT

(Author of "Tewkesbury, the Story of Abbey Town, and Neighbourhood")

It is the age of pageants. Scarcely a town in England with an historic past has failed to blossom forth in gorgeous pageantry, depicting its splendours of a by-gone day. A curious commentary, in passing, on modern times, that while the good old days of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries cared but little for these things, it has been left for the democratic twentieth century to revive the interest in them. Two centuries ago they showed so little reverence for the past that they rudely opened the vault behind the high altar of Tewkesbury Abbey that contained the bones of the great heiress of Tewkesbury, the Duchess Isabel, daughter of the Kingmaker and wife of "perjured" Clarence, to lay a local alderman and his family beside them. To-day Tewkesbury pays tribute to its past in a series of pageantry worthy of their theme and setting.

There could be no fairer setting for a pageant than under the shadow of the walls of Tewkesbury Abbey. For 800 years the abbey has stood as the great centre round which the town has clustered, a magnificent memorial of its founders and of the great family that during the first 350 years of its existence so devotedly tended it and brought it to its perfect completion.

Memoirs of Tewkesbury go back as far as history goes in England. The all-conquering Romans passed this way, the ancient Britons making their last stand within sight of the junction of Severn and Avon, where the little township of Tewkesbury came into being. "What the Britons call a town," wrote Cæsar from first-hand knowledge, "is a tract of country surrounded by a mound or ditch for the security of themselves and their cattle against the incursions of their enemies." Such a town in those early days was Tewkesbury, save that it needed no ditch or mound to protect it. On two sides Severn and Avon form a secure defence. Its first beginnings are lost in the mists of legend and tradition. Theoc, the monk, is the first figure to emerge, selecting this site, it is said, on which to place his hermit's cell, the first beginning of the great abbey that was later to arise. The place, tradition says, was known by his name, and Theocsbury it remains to this day. In these humble beginnings opens the great pageant of Tewkesbury's story.

Oddo and Doddo, Dukes of Mercia; Berthric, King of the West Saxons, and his wicked Queen, Ethelburga, Edmund Ironside and Canute, meeting on Olney Island close by to parcel England out between them, these speak, as it were, the prologue. Even thus early Tewkesbury comes to play a part in English history far beyond the limits of a small provincial town.

Then begins the real opening scene dominated by the great figure of Robert FitzHamon. It was he and Abbot Gerald who conceived the magnificent abbey that, in spite of all the changes of the eight centuries intervening, is still essentially the abbey as they planned it. It must have been an amazing scene of activity in those early years of building. But it was not given to FitzHamon to see the completion of his great design. It was his son-in-law, Robert of Gloucester, and his daughter Mabel who presided at the great consecration service on October 23, 1123, one of the scenes well reproduced in the pageant of to-day.

Time after time the great inheritance of FitzHamon passed through the female line. The founder himself had no son, neither had the third, fourth, or fifth Earls of Gloucester a son to succeed them. The de Clares, Earls of Hertford, marrying the heiress, great grand-daughter of FitzHamon, identified themselves with the great inheritance, and when heirs male failed then the Despencers took their place. For nearly a century each these two great families held the field, alike in their devotion to the abbey and to all the great traditions that it stood for. They were no mere local celebrities. There were makers of English history. Time and again they married into the royal house, one of the scenes in to-day's pageant depicting the marriage of the Red Earl and Joan Plantagenet, the King's daughter. Time and again, nearly related to him as they are, they defy the King, forcing him to do their will. In almost all the great events of the time they are to be found at the head of the barons. On Magna Charta their signatures stand first. On the fields of Evesham and Bannockburn and Poictiers they are in the van. King John himself becomes Lord of Tewkesbury in right of his wife, Isabella of Gloucester, leaving his name for all time in King John's Bridge and King John's Castle. Another Lord of Tewkesbury is actually crowned a King, King of the Isle of Wight, the only instance in English history of a subject raised to such a dignity.

But all through the years of pageantry and splendour there runs a vein of tragedy. Death levies heavy toll among the Lords of Tewkesbury. Some are cut off in their youth before they have scarce reached man's estate. Four died of wounds in battle, four were executed or murdered, one was killed in a tournament. None lived to old age.

The end was tragedy. The Wars of the Roses rang the death knell of the old régime. In the long struggle between the King and the Barons, it was the King who won. The Barons had destroyed themselves. Last and greatest of them all, the figure of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, Lord of Tewkesbury, in right of his wife, the Duke-King's sister, passes across the stage, making and unmaking Kings, but ending at last in disaster and death at Barnet. Margaret of Anjou and her son of such great hopes are among the most romantic figures in the closing scenes. Could there be a finer theme or setting for a pageant than these two at Tewkesbury on May 4, 1471? A Queen of sorrows facing with high courage the last and greatest trial of all. A Prince young, fair, and very gallant staking his all on one last throw for his father's crown, his young wife a helpless onlooker, the wavering fortunes of the battle, the flight of Lancastrians to the Abbey for sanctuary, the Abbot holding the Host in his hands forbidding the entry at the great west door of the Yorkist conqueror until he had promised clemency, the solemn service of thanksgiving for the rising Sun of York that followed. These are the closing scenes and figures in the long pageant of the Lords of Tewkesbury.

Though less splendid and romantic, there are many other scenes of later days. The Civil War holds Tewkesbury in its grip, half-way between the loyal city of Worcester and the Roundhead city of Gloucester. William the Third presents a charter to the town. George the Third and Queen Charlotte bring again a touch of pageantry. Mr. Pickwick stays at the Hop Pole Inn.

Once more to-day the streets of Tewkesbury are astir. The beautiful old town, asleep within the shelter of its magnificent abbey and changed but little during the passing of the centuries, has awoke to life. Once more the great figures that made its history pace its streets. Romance still walks abroad in Tewkesbury's town.

CRICKET *versus* CLOTHES

THE TOP-HAT, UBIQUITOUS AND OBLIGATORY: The queue outside the historic cricket ground last week-end when the Battle of the Blues Minor was fought for the 102nd time. Hopes of a dark blue victory (after Oxford's success) were disappointed, for Eton won by an innings and sixteen runs

A LANDAU ONCE AGAIN: A carriage and pair is a pleasant symptom of the tradition that hedges the Eton and Harrow event, Lady Noble and daughter are preparing to alight

LARGE HATS proved immensely popular at the sunny Lord's of 1931

PRINTED CHIFFON has been easily the most popular material among the ladies this year. It reached its climax at Lord's

TYROL IN LONDON: One of the hats, now so popular, that derive their inspiration from The White Horse Inn. It is worn with a frock of printed chiffon

FUR AND MUSLIN proved a popular mixture. The white top hat was present in great numbers, many of the younger men abandoning the more usual black silk for the grey felt "topper"

THE MODES OF VICTORIA! Two striking creations, one in tiered organdie, one in broderie anglaise which broke upon an astonished Lora's on Saturday. Inset above on left is a muslin ensemble worn with black gloves

RAILWAY ELECTRIFICATION

Would a Change-Over Benefit Britain?

By LANCELOT LAWTON

The electrification of the British railway system would involve 20,000 miles of track, would take twenty years to accomplish and would call for a capital expenditure of £261,000,000. Is it worth while to undertake so gigantic a project? As to this much controversy is taking place.

There is no doubt that England is behind other countries in the matter of railway electrification. So far she has only 487 miles to her credit, of which but eighteen miles are main lines. These figures make a poor comparison with the following relating to mileage in usage or under construction abroad: United States, 1,870; Switzerland, 1,542; France, 1,048; Italy, 1,031; Germany, 968; and Sweden, 726.

I need not dwell upon the æsthetic or hygienic qualities of electrification. One never travels upon a steam railway with its massive rolling stock, its roaring locomotives, its grimy tunnels, its smoke-smeared, shabby, depressing stations, without having the impression that it is out of date. Alternatively one never travels upon an electric railway without being struck by its brightness, lightness, comfort, cleanliness, and colour.

The advantages attaching to electric traction are to a large extent shared by motor-coaches, particularly where moderate distance is concerned. More time is required to travel by road than by railway, but even in these days of speed the public in many instances account time as of less importance than comfort and cleanliness. It may be objected that what pleases the senses does not necessarily pay the pocket. The answer is, I think, that more often the senses are a surer guide to economic gain than the prognostications of diligent statisticians. Certainly this is so as regards railway electrification.

No conclusive evidence can be advanced to show that it would be profitable. On the Continent it has on the whole proved to be economically very successful. In this country on the suburban section of the Southern Railway, which has been electrified, passenger rates increased by 50 per cent. within four years, and the chairman of the company has declared that the results achieved surpassed expectations. But the knowledge derivable from this precedent is of limited value.

When a suburban railway is electrified a considerable growth of passenger traffic follows. Those who live in the regions served travel more frequently than they did before. Then improved facilities for movement lead to building developments and increase of population. Experience has shown that the cost of meeting the extra demand made upon the railway in such circumstances is less than the additional revenue obtained. Thus a margin is available for profit.

With respect to main lines the position is not quite so assured. Here the scope for traffic growth has definite limitations. Yet there is ground for thinking that the number of passengers travelling long distances would be increased if a comfortable journey, devoid of that fatigue inseparable from travelling in existing conditions, were assured. Also there is reason for supposing that quicker transit of goods would result in the despatch of a larger volume.

The normal speed of electric traction is greater to a marked degree than that of steam traction, but in estimating the practical superiority of the one over the other as regards main lines, experts do not rely upon increase of traffic. They put their faith in the possibility of effecting economy in the management of both traffic and equipment. The list of savings that may be effected under these headings is lengthy, and the amounts involved are large, sufficient, it is said, to allow of a return of about 7 per cent. on the capital outlay.

On an electric locomotive no steam raising has to be done; consequently, there is no need of fires, of stoking, of watering, of coal loading. Hence the wages bill is enormously reduced. Cost of repairs, too, is greatly diminished.

But if an electric locomotive does not directly consume coal, it uses up energy which is generated through the instrumentality of coal consumed at a power station, and the cost of such energy differs little from that of coal burnt by the steam locomotive. What effect, then, it may be asked, would railway electrification have upon the coal industry? The situation of this industry, the foundation of life itself in these isles, is getting worse, not better. It certainly cannot stand many more blows.

Here, it must be emphasized, that with us railway electrification is largely a coal problem. In other countries where it has been carried out extensively water power is usually available on a large scale. Experts say that, because of the enormous cost of the plant which had to be used in such instances, it is possible to manufacture electricity not less cheaply by the consumption of coal. In this respect, therefore, England ought to be in no disadvantage in electrifying her railways.

But there is another aspect to be considered. At present steam locomotives on railways consume yearly about 13½ million tons of coal. If the railways were electrified the consumption of coal on their account would be not more than 3,650,000 tons, that is about 9¾ million tons less than in present conditions.

The reduction may be illustrated in another and perhaps a still more striking way. The present consumption of coal by steam locomotives is 5·2 per cent. of the total tonnage mined. If the railways were electrified, the coal consumption on their behalf would be only 3·8 per cent. of the total tonnage mined. The first proportion named is not very high; it follows, therefore, that the second is even lower. But the loss of a market for nearly 10 million tons of coal would yet have serious consequences for the industry, which has already suffered much from severe foreign competition, from the replacement of coal by oil in the Navy and mercantile marine, and from numerous processes and devices which of late years have been brought into use for economizing coal, particularly in the gas and electrical industries.

At this stage the question arises: Is it unavoidable that the electrification of railways should be accompanied by a reduced consumption of coal?

It has been estimated that their requirements would constitute at least one-twentieth of the national demand for energy. The committee which, under the chairmanship of Lord Weir, considered the whole project, came to the conclusion that its realization would be greatly to the advantage of the lode factor, thus permitting of a marked cheapening of the cost of supply for all purposes and the stimulating of consumption. In particular, they said that widespread transmission such as was contemplated would accelerate the development of rural electrification.

Although modern inventiveness, which is extraordinarily fertile, tends to reduce the quantity of fuel consumed for the production of a given unity of energy, no matter of what kind, electrical or otherwise, there can be no doubt that a substantial lowering in the cost of such energy would lead to a considerably larger consumption of it, and thus at the same time to a considerably larger consumption of coal for the purpose of generation. It is in this direction that the coal industry would have to look for compensation for orders lost as the result of the scrapping of steam locomotives.

Beyond question, the gloomy, grimy civilization that appeared with the industrial revolution is passing. The new civilization is to a very large extent made possible because of electrification. It is inconceivable that the progress of this beneficent agency should be retarded by a short-sighted conception of the interests of the coal industry.

The committee over which Lord Weir presided dealt only with this question indirectly, and then with but one side of it. They spoke of the possibility of decreasing cost by raising demand as a consequence of railway electrification. Although they did not say as much, they implied that ultimately the additional coal required would at least partially compensate for that dispensed with for steam locomotives.

But they might have gone farther and advocated that the coal should be subjected to scientific pretreatment for the extraction of oil and other commodities, leaving smokeless residuary fuels which could be consumed under boilers on the spot or disposed of for domestic and other purposes. Such a plant is successfully at work at Dunston-on-Tyne.

It is becoming widely recognized that a power station must not be a place for the generation of "clean" energy from coal by dirty and wasteful methods, but that it must be a factory wherein coal is used as raw material, not merely for the manufacture of electricity, but of oil and a wide variety of valuable commodities. When development of the kind indicated is extensively carried out, energy ought to be very much cheaper than even Lord Weir's Committee contemplated.

I think I have said enough to show that, although the electrification of railways would in itself be a vast undertaking, it should be considered as only a part of a still vaster scheme of reconstruction to be undertaken with a view to the modernization of British industry as a whole. Railway electrification is not merely indispensable for economic electrification on a national scale, but it is closely inter-related with oil from coal developments and, generally speaking, with the scientific exploitation of our coal resources. Apart from these broad considerations, it could, I think, very well stand upon its own merits, that is to say, could achieve financial success of its own accord. But in passing judgment upon it due weight should be given to its importance as a factor in the co-ordination of the technical advancement of the age. It cannot be denied that the raising of the necessary funds for so gigantic a scheme would be a difficult and complicated undertaking. If, however, it was represented in its true light as part of a project for a national renaissance, then it should be possible to overcome even so formidable an obstacle.

The Loss of H.M. Submarine "POSEIDON"

And the Heroism of Petty Officer Willis

So great an impression has been made upon the public mind by the superb conduct of Petty Officer Willis, so deep a sense of tragedy by the disaster to H.M. submarine, Poseidon, that "The Sphere" prints below the textual report of the Admiralty as uttered by the First Lord (Mr. A. V. Alexander) in the House of Commons. On the facing page are shown some of the latest safety devices for submarine accidents

"On the conclusion of the various inquiries into the loss of H.M.S. *Poseidon* some interesting facts have become available about the magnificent behaviour of the men who were cut off from their fellows in the fore part of the ship, most of whom eventually were saved. When the collision occurred and the order 'Close watertight doors' was given, Petty Officer Willis, the torpedo gunner's mate, took charge of those in the fore part, calling on them to close the door of the compartment with themselves inside, as this might mean saving the ship. The operation was difficult, as the bulkhead had buckled, but by their united efforts the door was eventually closed, leaving only a slight leak. While this work was in progress the ship lurched to starboard and sank with heavy inclination by the bows. At the moment of the collision the electric light leads were all cut, and from that time until the final evacuation the imprisoned men were working with the occasional illumination of an electric torch.

"Willis first said prayers for himself and his companions and then ordered them to put on their escape apparatus, making sure they all knew how to use it. He then explained he was going to flood the compartment in order to equalize the pressure with that outside the submarine, and how it was to be done, telling off each man to his station. He also rigged wire hawser across the hatchway to form a support for men to stand on while the compartment was flooding. While the compartment was slowly filling Willis kept his companions in good heart, while one able seaman, Nagle, passed the time in instructing the Chinese boy in the use of his apparatus, and was undoubtedly instrumental in saving his life. The other men worked cheerfully at the various valves for flooding and rigging the platform.

"During this time oxygen was running low in some of the escape apparatus; one able seaman told Petty Officer Willis that his oxygen-flask was exhausted, as he could no longer hear it bubbling. Willis then tested his own and found it also was empty, and told the man 'That is all right; you can't hear anything in mine and there is plenty left.' This statement reassured the man and maintained the atmosphere of coolness among the party, which was essential to success. After two hours and ten minutes the water was about up to the men's knees, and Willis considered the pressure might be sufficient to open the hatch. With considerable difficulty the hatch opened sufficiently for two men to shoot up, but the pressure then reclosed the hatch, and it was necessary to await further flooding to make the pressure more equal before a second attempt could be made. The two men who first escaped were Able Seaman Lovock and Able Seaman Holt. The former came to the surface unconscious and died immediately, but his body was supported by Able Seaman Holt, himself in a state of great exhaustion, until both were picked up by boats waiting on the scene. After a further hour, by which time the men in the compartment were nearly up to their necks in water and the air lock was becoming very small, a second effort was made. This was successful, and the hatch opened and four other men came to the surface, Petty Officer Willis, Leading Seaman Clarke, Able Seaman Nagle, and Officer's Steward Ah Hai, all of whom were picked up by boats.

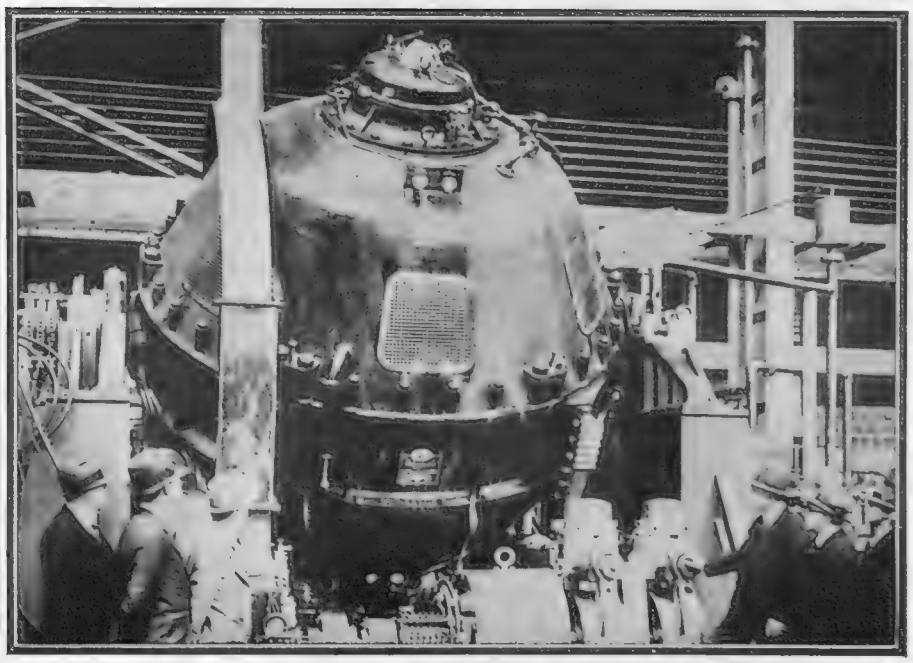
"From evidence it is abundantly clear that the courage and fortitude with which all these men in the practical darkness of the slowly flooding compartment faced a situation more than desperate were in accordance with the very highest traditions of the Service. The coolness, confidence, ability, and power of command shown by Petty Officer Willis, which no doubt were principally responsible for the saving of so many valuable lives, are deserving of the very highest praise."

Mechanical MARVELS

A SAVER OF SUBMARINES: The Marker buoy telephone to a sunken submarine undergoing tests by Lieutenants A. R. McCann and A. M. Morgan at Brooklyn Navy Yard

THE MARKER BUOY: The device perfected after years of experiment in the U.S.A., which, released from a submarine in jeopardy, sends a radio call for help, marks the place of the accident, and, when the rescue ships arrive, enables constant telephonic communication to be kept up with the submerged crew. Eight men at a time can be rescued by this device, which can be pulled down by cable and then allowed to rise by its own buoyancy

BRITAIN'S "SAFETY UNIT": A test of the new Davis device—which looks not unlike a gas-mask—for submarine accidents by which a man can remain alive under water for two hours. *Inset above* is the Davis apparatus and its special waterproof container



A 130-TON GYROSCOPIC STABILISER ON TEST: An anti-rolling device for ships at sea tested at the South Philadelphia works of the Westinghouse Electric Company. The 110,000-lb. "top" inside the casing is spun at 930 revolutions per minute by a 200-h.p. electric motor. The device is said to keep a 450-ft. long vessel within 2 degrees of maximum roll

THE REPTI VALLEY: *This section of the road to Katmandu runs through the heart of the Terai jungles*

MOR

A Visit

The Road Through th Terai Jungles

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The last gleam of day flaming along the mountains, and staining the summit of each lonely peak to sudden crimson, faltered and failed as we, tired by the merciless climb, toiled wearily up the last crude flight of steps leading to the fort.

The latter, so little while back an object of picturesque desirability in the warm sunset glow, by twilight seemed to have taken on an air of eerie inhospitality—and as our small hill ponies picked their way up the last fifty yards to the entrance, it was with a growing sense of depression that we scanned the desolate ramparts, and caught the gleam (an early moon was rising) of bayonets in the gloom above our heads.

After a challenge and a few minutes' parley between the sentry and the headman of our porters, we entered the fort and found ourselves on a small plateau. A tiny whitewashed bungalow on one side, and the darkening ramparts on the other; the dusk, seemingly so barren before of all humanity, had suddenly become alive with flitting shapes. Two figures approached, the night wind (icy in this mountain fastness) swaying the flames of their torches—the orange light staining to deepest amber their yellow Mongolian faces; the slanting eyes, and wide, thick mouths.

The foremost torchbearer, after a series of strange and wholly incomprehensible sounds, apparently indicative of a desire to please and an intimation that he was the owner of this wayside caravanserai, turned and led the way into the bungalow. There, after considerable stumbling and tripping over strange articles of furniture barely discernible in the dim lamplight (he had exchanged his torch *en route* for a smoky *butti**), we found ourselves in a moderate sized room. Stone floors and walls—a bare table—three wooden chairs (one without its back legs, but kept in more or less its accustomed attitude by an upturned packing case), two skeleton beds, innocent of all covering. One, on nearer acquaintance, we discovered to have a hole straight through the wire centre, quickly remedied, however, by another packing case placed in the orifice and guaranteed efficiently to keep out draughts from the small of one's back—and this was our lodging for the night.

THE RIVER-BED ROAD: *Running parallel to a dried-up stream, this road is bordered with gigantic, once river-lapped boulders*

It took a quarter of an hour to convince mine host of our necessity for his lamp; conversation being restricted to signs vehement on our part, though I daresay as unintelligible to him as were the strange popping sounds and sudden minor cadences with which he accompanied all his own gestures. On closer inspection he turned out to be a man of anything from fifty to eighty years of age, his head covered by a greyish stubble and surmounted by a regulation Nepalese skull cap (once white, but now more what in fashionable circles is known as beige).

The rest of his clothes, a heterogeneous

* *Butti* = hurricane lamp.

water. After a conversation which, what with the discussion over the lamp, a to the question of what we should eat for supper, must have lasted nearly hour, he departed, leaving us, despite our weariness in a state bordering hysteria, to return anon with a bundle of firewood under one arm and under other a struggling duck. Ridding himself of the wood he first pointed to mouth, then rubbed the pit of his stomach, and thereafter, encouraged a evident signs of appreciation, hastened to wring the unfortunate bird's neck ghastly proceeding; but as has been quoted so many times before, "one must . . . and so we heartlessly busied ourselves with the firewood and soon h good blaze going. Before this we piled a decrepit mattress and some rugs, thereon cast ourselves down to enjoy the welcome warmth and wait, with as patience as our hunger would permit, the arrival of the unfortunate bird.

Not an hour later, with only the crackle of the fire and the low voices of guards outside to disturb the silence, I found myself lying thankfully in amazing lethargy of contentment known only to those who have spent long h in the saddle or on foot in such parts of the world where roads are both unk and (thank God) an impossibility.

Little matter that beneath one's thin layer of bedding lay boards, and outside the night wind, straight off the snows, wailed in desolation alon stony walls of our refuge. Within all was warmth and quietness—we had fed, the firelight, glowing on the mildewed walls and glinting on the barrels of our enwrapt us in a drowsy contentment. Very different this from the restin of the past few nights, where in the comparative warmth of the Terai jungles below the crackling of the great camp fires (constantly replenished in the hou darkness to keep off marauding herds of elephants), the murmur of our po who talked far into the night, and the restless shuffling of our hobbled elep nearby, had been a very different lullaby.

Between sleeping and waking I thought of what lay ahead of us. Of secret valley beyond the mountain passes—shut off from the world by the passable snows—whose only entrance this narrow track, perilously precipit constantly blotted out by landslides and avalanches, and always jealously guard we now essayed to traverse—and still farther to the cities beyond. For the about the presence of foreigners in Nepal is the law of the Medes and Persi It is absolute and admits of no exception. No one is allowed to begin the jo to Katmandu unless the Government of Nepal agrees to extend to him wha not merely permission, but an invitation. Hence the number of strangers have ever visited the white stupas and golden roof of Katmandu is *fewer* than the small company of those who have crossed the sacred way which ecli Lhasa. . . .

In the firelight my imagination wandered endlessly.

Such was our first night in the fort which guards the summit of the Sis Pass—that first natural barrier which, with its impassability—its tremend precipices, the hopelessness of trying to gain aught but willing transport, fol by the valley beyond, and yet another pass of equal height (and even precipitous), makes the thought of a forced entrance into this hidden land a futility.

Awakened next morning at dawn—a pale moon still hanging in the west Eastern sky beyond the ranges a gradually deepening jade—we had s eaten our frugal breakfast and, sustained by vast quantities of steaming co loaded up our porters and regretfully turned our backs on our little bungal Hardly any formality was needed here as the garrison (such as it was) had warned of our coming from Katmandu; and so, ere the first gleam of sunrise small cavalcade, followed by its long stream of porters, set forth once more.

These strange bent hillmen each carry an unbelievable weight of kit on their backs. An English porter might perhaps move the equivalent from train to taxi single-handed and, were the platform of any length, would undoubtedly demand a shilling tip; whilst these men do a day's march (sometimes fifteen to eighteen miles in length) heavily laden, over passes hardly negotiable, unimpeded, for the modest sum of fourpence!

At the summit of the pass (almost knife-edged) we came upon our first vision of the snows. And vision is the only word. The first gleam of sunrise had caught them as they hung high in the Northern sky—staining transiently the infinite purity of each snowy crest to rose and amber. A myriad shades were born and faded before our eyes till the whole became steeped in a radiance so complete, so dazzling, that we held our breaths at the miracle unfolding before us. Only the ice-bound peaks were visible—glittering in the morning sunlight like frosted glass. Below was shadow. Soft banks of cloud and pools of violet mist still clung in the valleys. The

THE ROAD TO KATMANDU
A sketch-map of the country covered the author of the accompanying artic

HIDDEN than MECCA:

Katmandu—in the Sacred Vale of Nepal (Part I)

By CONSTANCE HANDLEY

Of Katmandu, its temples and palaces, which to most of humanity is, and must remain, a legend; sacred, forbidden ground, lost in the very heart of the Himalayas. For has not Landon written, in his history of Nepal, that though "Mecca and Medina are still denied to the non-Muslims, the countries in which they are cities have been again and again traversed by western strangers—unwelcome though they have been." But that "of all the closed lands of this world—closed by the deliberate will and policy of those who live in them—whether from piety, superstition, jealousy or, above all, perhaps from mistrust of the European—Nepal is the only survivor

forest-clad slopes, still dark with the shades of night, lay blue and still beneath us, as though unaware of the coming day. And so we started the long descent to the vale of Chitlang.

A descent, perilously steep, through overhanging trees—garlanded with flowering creepers—past little waterfalls lined with ferns, the drip of water and rush of little streams for ever in our ears. From time to time the track would merge into flights of roughly-made steps—this at the most precipitous passages in order to give both man (and horse) a better grip when climbing.

By 11 a.m. we had gradually emerged—the going unbelievedly rough. How these hill ponies managed to move so fast on such a surface is an inexplicable riddle to most people, yet move they do, and by just on mid-day we found ourselves on a comparatively smooth mud track running through a very fertile valley. Tiered rice-fields stretched away on either side, deep yellow in the sunshine. A small river running down the valley had been, by various Heath-Robinson-like methods, diverted into various channels from which arose a perfect system of irrigation.

The village of Hatawa we reached at noon. A strangely picturesque collection of tumble-down Chinese-like houses—all two or three storeys in height—their overhanging balconies formed of most exquisitely carved wood. The meanest dwelling, indeed, can boast both window shutters and trellises of this unique art. Whilst from each verandah hangs a brass lamp fantastically carved with dragons, a flat saucer space for oil and wick, and, below, eight or ten brass leaves which, blown by the wind, ring one against the other in a weirdly plaintive way. Each village, too, has a shrine—some attended by saffron-gowned Buddhist priests, others by Hindu fakirs; for, in this strange land, Hinduism and Buddhism alike flourish side by side in friendly unison. Uniquely so, I believe, as though alike fundamentally, the doctrines of these two religions are completely different faiths both in conception and worship.

And still more steps. For most of these villages are built on a slope, in order that the grounds angle may automatically act as a drainage system, carrying away all refuse (with the help of a small water-filled gutter) which would otherwise remain outside their front doors. As in North Africa, Arabia and Kashmir, all refuse from the top storeys is got rid of by the simple expedient of pouring it into a "chute" which, projecting over the street, empties its contents at random into the main thoroughfare below, with complete disregard, one might add, for any luckless passer-by!

Gaily coloured mats hung out in the sunlight. Small naked children, playing in the filthy gutter, turned the depths of their slanting, sloe-like eyes upon us in faintly shocked surprise for a moment ere they resumed their game. A wayside shrine before which lay small heaps of marigold petals, a handful of green and red chillies, and a few copper coins was almost completely covered in purple and white clematis.

A grain shop gaily displayed the added attraction of two large trays of locusts—a dainty in these valleys where they are eaten like shrimps. Indeed we had encountered *millions* of them *en route*, drifting before the wind. We must have ridden through a swarm of five miles or more in length; our coat collars up, and our flesh creeping at the thought of one of these 3-inch horny-legged monsters down our backs. The villagers are kept busy on the occasion of such visitations, as they spend all day amongst their crops, shouting and beating about with a stick in order to prevent them settling.

Beyond the village we passed several groves of cherry and peach blossom, studded with clumps of Persian lilac. No grass anywhere, and one marvelled to see how every inch of space was under cultivation. As we reached the farthest end of Chitlang, the Chandragiri Pass towered away above our heads, and we started once more to climb through forests of evergreen, holly, mistletoe and sweet smelling creepers, the path steeper and rougher with each step. Once we met a Nepalese nobleman descending the hill—himself on foot, but followed by a seemingly endless train of palanquins, from whose cushioned depths peered the shy eyes and small oval faces of his many wives and relations. Beautiful creatures, with perfect features, pale as alabaster; their heads swathed in gaudy scarves of rainbow hue, jewels at throat and ears, they made a wonderful pageant of colour as we passed them; pressed against the rocky wall of our 5-feet perilous path, our ponies negotiating the dizzy edge with perfect *sang-froid*. Other less fortunate female travellers we met being carried cross-legged in baskets on hired coolies' backs. A hideously uncomfortable mode of procedure one would have thought, though their expressionless faces told us nothing.

By the top of the pass, a mile and a half climb of several thousand feet, we were all more or less tired out and very hungry; it being after three o'clock and our first halt for that day. And it was from this pinnacle that I first looked down into the hidden valley and saw for the first time the city of Katmandu.

Far below us, beyond the rolling slopes of jungle it lay—with the silver ribbon of the sacred Bagmati river running through it, and two white blurs on either bank where stand the towns of Katmandu and ancient Patan. Beyond this, and the endless scars of tiered fields of crops, it was difficult to see. For although the sunlight still caught the head of the pass, the barrier of 20,000 ft. mountains, lying north-westwards, brings an early twilight to the valley itself.

Followed a very welcome meal eaten under rather trying circumstances, alas, as I had well-meaningly kindled a fire with complete disregard for the direction of the wind, and only realized the futility of my efforts when clouds of pungent smoke and sparks rapidly made the only possible resting place untenable!

But oh, the relief of knowing Chitlang behind us! For the beauties of the cultivated area around Hatawa had done little to compensate for the endless ups and downs of our rocky track along the mountain sides. The ceaseless bone-shaking jogging of our small ponies—a pace neither walk, trot, nor canter, yet guaranteed to make one ache from head to foot after the first mile. And the bridges. . . . Quite the most unpleasant sensation, the crossing of these narrow swinging rickety affairs—often 200 to 300 yards in length, arched in the centre, and floored with loose boards over which even our intrepid steeds could hardly be coaxed. Indeed, only one horse and rider can cross at a time, as the oscillation set up by each passenger is as much as can be attempted safely. Even so, the lurching floor and uncertain steps of one's pony proved hardly pleasant experience. And there are numberless bridges in Chitlang.

Somewhere here a year or two ago, I was told, during the laying of a pipe-line, golden coins were discovered said to date back three or four thousand B.C.

At the foot of the pass it was almost night, and there we found two enormous carriages awaiting us — strange, ornate, Lord-Mayor-of-Londonish affairs, sent out by the courtesy of his Highness the Maharajah to convey us to the capital. And once stowed inside we commenced one of the most bizarre drives imaginable.

Fireflies glimmered here and there and, on either side of the very rough roadway, cooking fires had commenced to flame in the dusk—reflected again and again in countless brass and copper vessels of queer device, and in the eyes of curiously carved dragons in wayside shrines. From the sombre depths of quaintly built dwellings, one caught, too, strange cameos of orange light. Yellow faces and slanting eyes (so different from the India beyond the passes), seen one moment, and then lost in the darkness.

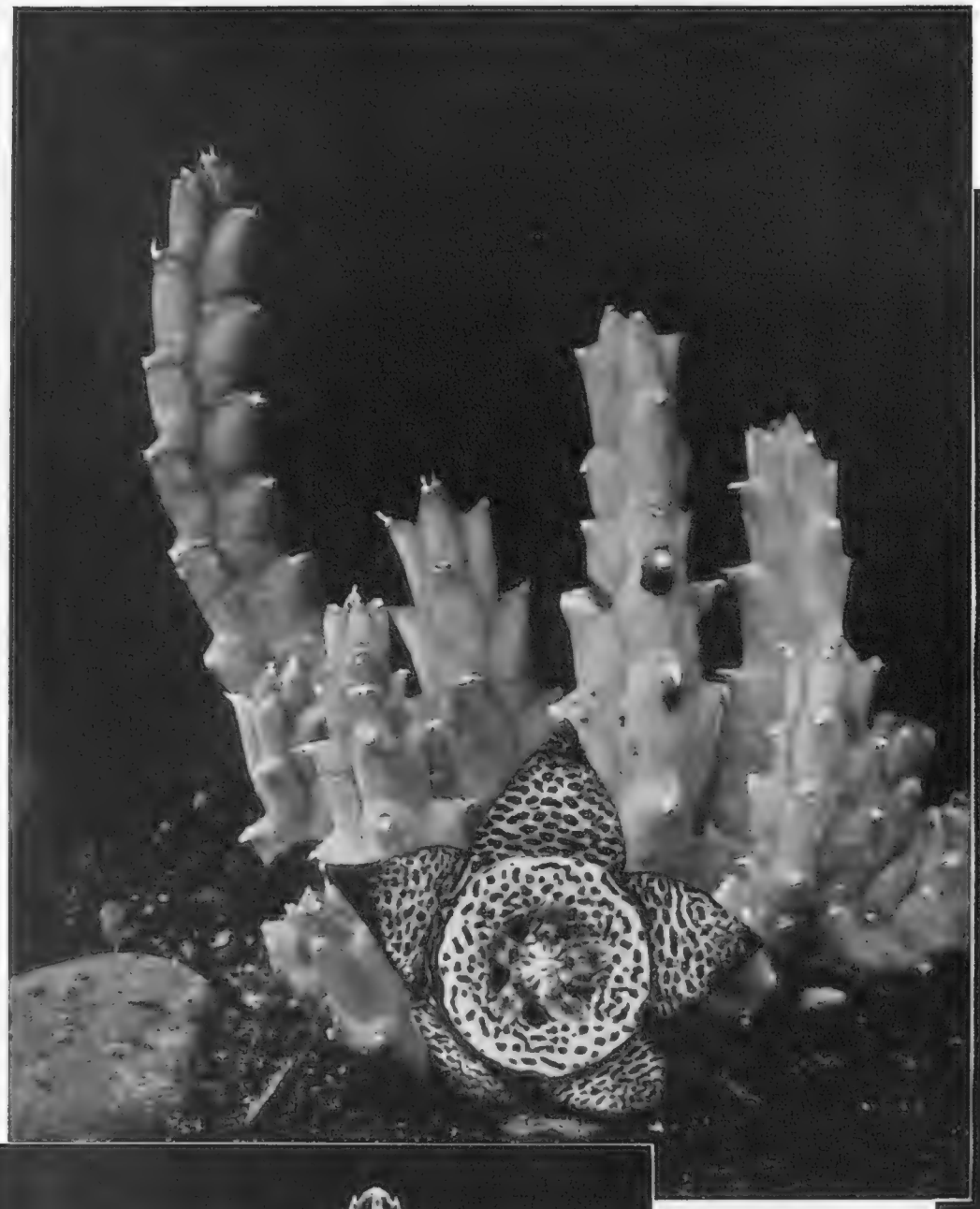
But strangest sight of all in this drive of ours through the darkening valley, was where, northwards, high in the evening sky, hung the eternal snows, like great pink clouds, still rose-stained by the afterglow of a sun long since set.

MOUNTAIN TRACKS: *For mile after mile roads of this type were the sole means of travel. The mountain ponies, however, though hideously uncomfortable to ride owing to their peculiar action, coped with the difficulties and dangers of progress. When passing on these precipitous trails even the outside horse never seemed alarmed but, sure-footed, held on its safe, though ache-making, way*

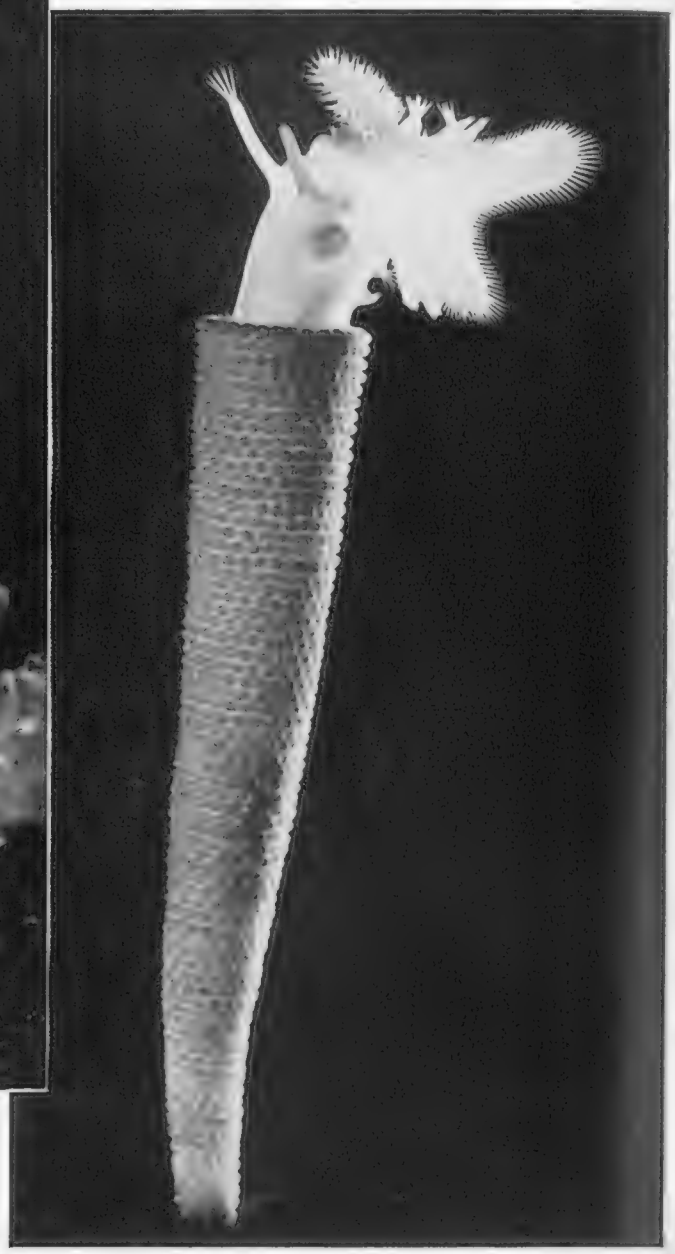
THE HALT BY THE WAY: *In this type of unfurnished dwelling, the expedition, whose journey is chronicled above, spent many nights of primitive comfort, for so strenuous is travel through the Terai jungles that one can, given a minimum of food and shelter, rest anywhere*

LOW LIFE

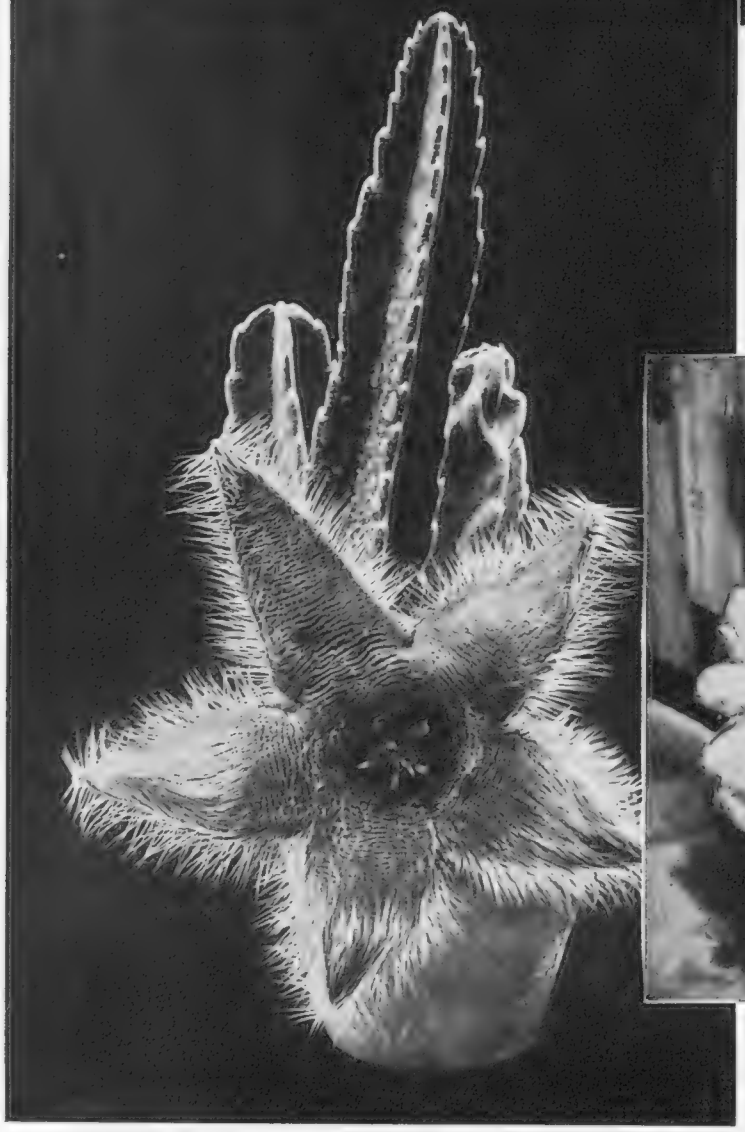
Flowers, Fungus, and Rotatoria



STAR FLOWERS OF SOUTH AFRICA: The star-like blossom of Stapelia Variegata Lilium which, exhaling a putrid emanation, attracts flies to lay their eggs in its petals and thus to pollinate it



MAGNIFIED BY 1,000,000: These tiniest of living beings, known as Rotatoria, derive their name from the hirsuit coronal which beats the water and draws other rotifers to itself. Despite its minute size it has forceps, a throat, a kidney, a stomach, an eye-spot, brain-cells, sex, and a complete nervous system. These microscopic aquatic animals are called "wheel animals"



"CARRION FLOWERS": A typical blossom of the South African plant, Stapelia Senilis Lilium. Emitting a stench of carrion, the plant attracts big flies which deposit their eggs in the blossoms. Pollination is caused either by the lazy insects or the movements of the grubs. The latter perish as they cannot find sufficient nourishment

A STRANGE PHENOMENON: Many people in Bridgwater have been intensely interested in a strange phenomenon which could be seen in the skittle-alley belonging to Mr. White. Some time ago Mr. White had occasion to build a new alley, and just at the entrance was standing an ash tree. This Mr. White cut down and tar-macadamized the site. From time to time, just as in the case of ordinary fungi, growths somewhat resembling mushrooms have appeared where the stump of the tree haa been macadamized over. Not having occasion to go into the alley for some time, Mr. White was surprised when he did go into it to find there a most astonishing sight. There had forced itself clean through the hard tarred surface a soft fleshed fungoid growth somewhat in the nature of coral. On left is a rare fungoid growth of markedly floral form—a saucer-shaped, curled-edged but unpetalled "blossom," with a boss of black hairs in the centre

ON THE OCEAN WAVE

Ships Old and New in Home Waters

"A TALL SHIP": The largest windjammer afloat, the Finnish four-master Lawhill, *which recently brought 4,000 tons of grain from Australia to Liverpool is seen leaving the Mersey for the Baltic—a rare sight in these days of steam and oil*

THE THAMES BARGES: A moment during the annual race over the 60-mile course in the lower reaches of the river last week. The first barge home was Fortis *in the river staysail class. A great crowd assembled on the* Crested Eagle *to watch the barges, under the press of their brown canvas, rounding the Mouse Lightship. Above on right—"NAVY WEEK" AT LOWESTOFT was opened by the visit of H.M.S.* Renown *which had just returned from Oslo. Many festivities marked her week's stay, and she was open daily for public inspection. A group of holidaymakers is seen above pacing her decks beneath her giant guns*

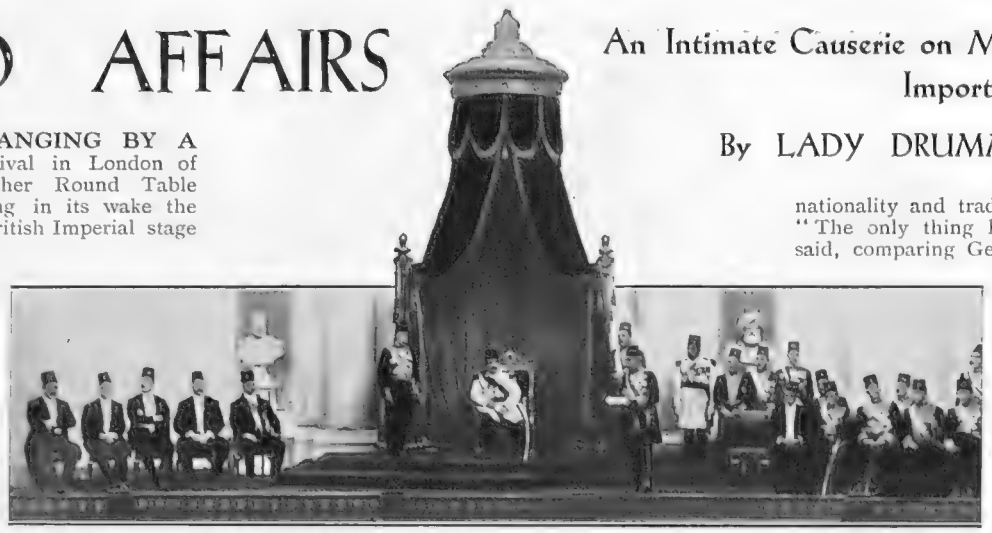
WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

By LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

A GOVERNMENT HANGING BY A HAIR.—The anticipated arrival in London of Mahatma Gandhi, and another Round Table Conference, is likely to bring in its wake the Egyptian question on to the British Imperial stage again.

Under the burning summer sun of Egypt there is smouldering in the Valley of the Nile a situation that has not yet really been settled by the new parliamentary elections in June, which took place under decreed electoral laws of constitutional changes by royal rescript. Not until the relations between Britain and Egypt have been clarified by treaty will the so-called "Egyptian Question" be settled. When that will be lies almost wholly with Egypt.



THE OPENING OF THE EGYPTIAN PARLIAMENT: King Fuad on the throne listening to the speech of the Premier, Sidky Pasha. On left are the Royal Princes; on right the Cabinet

Prime Minister Ismail Sidky Pasha and his government are now in absolute control of Egypt. The cabinet includes some of Egypt's ablest men. The dictatorial régime, inaugurated by a *coup d'état* over a year ago, has been legalized by the new parliament elected under extraordinary conditions. Large sections of liberal political elements in Britain and throughout the world do not accept the new Egyptian parliament as the product of a "free election" by the Egyptian people. But the West, where education and political freedom of thought are much more advanced, is inclined to forget that conditions in the Near East are different.

The new parliament, in which the government has a large majority, promises to be little more than the executive organ of the government very much along the lines of the Turkish parliament in Angora.

Sidky Pasha and his cabinet are, therefore, in full control, with nothing but perhaps the smouldering passive resistance of the masses as represented by the Wafd party to prevent the government from taking all the measures that it wishes. It is a splendid opportunity for the government to demonstrate of what it is constructively capable, but, at the same time, a heavy responsibility.

The government can by constructive results, and *only* by such, in a measure justify to the Egyptian people and to the world the unusual measures to which it has had recourse during the election and before. Failure in constructive statesmanship and economics will, in the end, bring condemnation. The fate of the Sidky government and the new parliament, in the final analysis, hangs largely from the slender thread of whether or not the British Labour Government will take up the question of a treaty between Britain and Egypt.

Europe has been so full of its own troubles this summer that Downing Street has had little time to study afresh the Egyptian question. That, however, will force itself upon us again before the end of the year.

HITLER'S HAND.—Napoleon, Frederick the Great, Bismarck, Mussolini — symbolizing force, might, and power—are the models of Adolf Hitler's National Socialist movement in Germany. It is the equivalent in Germany of the Fascisti in Italy, but as yet has found no real *Duce*.

Force. Might. Power. Through them the re-birth of Germany. That is the dream of the Hakenkreuzlers (after the swastika or "hooked cross" which is their symbol), if Captain Hermann Goering, war ace, now Hitler's chief lieutenant in Berlin, correctly interpreted it to me. This impression was strengthened by what I saw in his office and by his own declarations.

Captain Goering, who is said to be destined for a high position in the government if Hitler comes into power, was for a time successor to Baron von Richthofen, in command of the latter's famous "Flying Circus" after Richthofen was shot down by a British flyer.

Sitting behind a huge desk, himself against the crimson and gold background of a draped alcove occupied exclusively by a very fierce-looking old German sword, Hermann Goering thundered his aspirations to "stamp upon Bolshevism, and destroy it, so that in a thousand years it will not again raise its head.

"We are working for the youth of Germany, and from their ranks draw enthusiastic supporters in encouraging numbers. We, the Hakenkreuzlers, have a message to save Germany *for* German youth, to-day in peril of losing the legacy of their Fatherland, traditions, and culture. No sacrifice will be too great for us, since no ideal could be more sacred."

The war-ace declaimed his party's policy and programme with all the fervour appropriate to his own dashing record. In face of all the problems he presented to be solved, belligerently as I understood, I felt appalled, and asked the aviator-militant whether the patriotic aims of the National Socialist party would not be achieved by peaceful methods.

"That would be ideal," he replied. "I am all for peace. My chief, Adolf Hitler, is a peaceful man. No good German wants to see revolution or bloodshed. But the salvation of a country demands a heavier price. We still live in the age and time when revolution and war are the only certain liberators of man or a nation. Force, might, power! Those are what will win us the victory. And those then must be our weapons. When the call comes it will find me ready here."

HITLER'S RIGHT HAND: Captain Hermann Goering, whose aims and ambitions are told on this page

INSPIRATION OF A GERMAN FASCIST.—Captain Goering glanced round the room peopled by the portraits of his personal heroes — Frederick the Great, Bismarck, Mussolini, Italo Balbo, Federazoni, the Kaiser, ex-Crown Prince Wilhelm, Richthofen —garlanded with withered flowers held together in an unbroken wreath of remembrance by the vivid, unfaded colours of his country. Hermann Goering's eyes rested longest on an oil portrait of Napoleon hung opposite his desk.

"*He* knew what might and power meant! At night I often sit here by candle-light, reflect upon and study the little Great Man who is my inspiration."

Perhaps it is Napoleon who inspires Hermann Goering to ambition higher than merely that of saving Germany from Bolshevism. He wants Germany's pre-war colonies returned as "breathing-space" for some 20,000,000 superfluous population. Referring to the Polish Corridor, the German-Polish border in Upper Silesia, crippled Austria, dismembered Hungary, amongst the results of Versailles' peaceward activities, the Hitlerite leader declared that the League of Nations defeats its own pacifistic aims by attempting to hold the post-war populations and nations within cast-iron artificial boundaries, often against all the laws of race and nationality and traditions of religion and culture. "The only thing left to do is to explode," he said, comparing Germany to a dangerously overcharged boiler.

As for disarmament conferences and peace propaganda missions—"We are far, far from the day of world peace and disarmament," was his reply. Answering a direct question, Captain Goering said, "Yes, the world is bound to see many more wars before the millennium and the possibility of trouble at no distant date. So we may as well cast off comfortable illusion."

Friendship with Britain, "Germany's natural ally and friend," would play a big rôle in the foreign policy of a Hitler government. Adolf Hitler is a very great man, he reiterated.

This energetic, bellicose German Fascist, successor to the dare-devil Richthofen, has a curiously contrasted character. He admires and shares the artistic tastes of his Swedish wife, who is an accomplished artist and musician; he loves flowers, of which I saw vases full in his rooms; is a connoisseur of art and antiques, examples of which he displayed, expatiating technically thereon.

In the place of honour in his dining-room hangs a handsome gold frame—empty. Waiting to be filled.

In Germany, he assured me, are millions of "Nazis" waiting for the call.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN ENTENTE: A vignette of the English visit to Kiel. The picture, frivolously indicative of two old saws—"All work and no play makes Jack (Tar) a dull boy" and "All the nice girls love a sailor"—has its serious side in illustrating the rapprochement of England and Germany now so much in the air

STORMY PETREL OF SPAIN.—Major Ramon Franco, late of King Alfonso's Royal Air Force, now at one and the same time bad boy and popular hero of the Spanish revolution, is giving the infant republic of Spain much trouble and worry.

What to do with this irrepressible, some say irresponsible, ocean-flyer and aviator-revolutionary, who seems to have taken to himself the uncertainties and capriciousness of the winds, is a problem that the new republican Spanish government has not yet solved. The government made him chief of the Air Force of the Republic, and hoped that would satisfy his ambition and such vanity as he might have. It did not. The next hope, that he would discredit himself, was almost but not quite realized. The flying revolutionary, during a typical fiery Spanish tirade against the new government, fell from the platform and broke an ankle. Even that has not quieted the man of the air. The government doesn't know whether they should lock him up or make of him a "Spanish Trotzky" by forcing him to leave the country.

His feat in being the first Spaniard to have flown the Atlantic to South America brought him to public notice, earned him the commission of Major signed by King Alfonso, against whom he turned soon afterwards, and exalted him as the popular hero of Spain.

His arrest, imprisonment in Madrid, and escape shortly before Alfonso's abdication added to that popularity. The day before he led the revolt of the Royal Air Force, and fled to Portugal after its sudden collapse, I was at the military aerodrome outside Madrid, and was told that Franco, then in hiding, was somewhere "near about."

Major Franco amused himself for a time after the fall of the monarchy by doing aerobatic stunts over the ministries of the new provisional government, implying thereby, perhaps, that he could also drop bombs. His enemies more than once expressed the hope that he would break his neck. He would not oblige them. Those same enemies also claimed that the ocean flyer believed that he should have been called from the "stick" in his aeroplane to the helm of state — in other words, be made cabinet minister. Franco himself is credited with the expressed ambition of becoming the Lenin of Spain.

JAPAN'S SLANGUAGE. — In Japan, where east meets west, and the ancient blends with or recedes before the modern more graciously than in any other land, the national vocabulary must keep pace with social evolution. New words are daily being added to the Japanese popular language. They have evolved "Itto" for "it," sexual attraction; "Kokku" for cook; "Kombi" for combinations, wearing apparel introduced from the west; "Hameggusu" for ham and eggs, "Mo-bo" for modern boy, "Mo-ga" for modern girl, "Aiitehtah" for agitator, and "Handobagguboi" —hand-bag boy, a name given in contempt to the Mo-bo who escorts his Mo-ga to the movies.

A SECOND BARGE

Rescued from the Waters of Lake Nemi

A LOVELY RELIC OF IMPERIAL ROME: This delicate balustrade in bronze supported by two pilarets, each crowned by the Erma Bifronte (two-headed Hermes), is the greatest and most illuminating find in the second Caligula galley, showing, as it does, the beauty of the work executed in the first years of the Christian era

HERMES BIFRONS: The almost Cellini-esque metal-work on the balustrade on the left is here seen in detail. The two-headed Hermes is a definite artistic motif in the galley

THE SUNKEN GALLEY OF CALIGULA PIERCES THE MUD OF LAKE NEMI WITH ITS PROW: When the lake was drained even farther than proved necessary to reveal the first galley, the prow of the second was found piercing the heavy mud. Further clearances revealed its skeleton in its entirety. On right is an external ornament — a hand executed in bronze — found on the starboard side of the vessel

THE PLEASURE BARGE OF THE MURDEROUS EMPEROR: The second of Caligula's galleys revealed by the draining of Lake Nemi. It was this Emperor who wished the world had but a single neck that he might severe it at a blow! It is said that the galleys were sunk by way of a fiendish imperial jest during one of the orgies held on board

EUROPE'S *Deserted* PALACES

(I) So many Changes, Violent or Constitutional, have Taken Place in the Use and Purpose of Europe's once Royal or Imperial Palaces that "The Sphere" here Records the Present Functions they Fulfil

By MERIEL BUCHANAN

(Author of "Petrograd, the City of Trouble," etc.)

THE ATTACK ON THE WINTER PALACE OF RUSSIA: A scene in the Petrograd of 1917 recorded by Mr. E. Barnard Lintott, who was attached as unpaid Secretary to the Embassy at the time

Nowadays when there are so many kings living in exile, one wonders what is to become of the palaces that have for centuries housed the crowned heads of Europe; homes that have been left with who knows what heart-ache and regret, that sometimes have had to be evacuated at a moment's notice, that have had to withstand the fire of shot and shell, the fury of revolutionary mobs, that stand now the forlorn and empty monuments of fallen majesty.

I was too young when my father was counsellor in Berlin to attend any of the festivities at the Court, but the palace at the end of the great avenue of Unter den Linden was familiar to me, and I naturally knew a certain amount about the ceremony and etiquette that were prevalent there. Built originally by the Elector Frederick II as quite a small castle on the Spree it was converted in 1538 into a larger palace and subsequently was built on to by various Electors and Kings of Prussia, so that, architecturally, it became a strange mixture of somewhat monumental sombreness and a decorative lightness that was almost baroque.

On his accession in 1888 William II made some very extensive alterations in the interior of the palace, while on the outside he added the great gates of wrought iron at the five outer portals and built a private landing stage for himself on the Spree.

In the famous "Weisser Saal" or White Hall were held the "Gratulations Cour" on New Year's Day; and the "Schleppen Cour," when all the Royal ladies wore parti-coloured trains, and the jewels and decorations, the gorgeous uniforms of the Prussian Guard, made a picture of unrivalled magnificence. The wedding receptions of any member of the Royal family took place here too, and the "Fackel Zug" or Torchlight Procession, when twenty-four pages with flaming torches followed the bride and bridegroom as they walked solemnly round the room, handing out each member of the Royal family in turn. And here also were held the "Tanz Proben" or Dancing Lessons, which always took place before a Court Ball in order to make certain that no bad dancer should take part in the Royal quadrille. Other State apartments were the Gobelin Gallery with its collection of priceless tapestries, the Banqueting Hall, the Red Velvet Hall with its hangings of crimson velvet, the Knights' Hall, the Black Eagle Hall, and the King's Hall with the portraits of Prussian Kings down to the Emperor Frederick.

In the stormy days of 1918, when an angry mob streamed from all parts of Berlin towards the palace, which had been deserted by the soldiers set to guard it, one man had the foresight to search for a red flag, and not finding one, hung a servant's red cotton bedspread from one of the balconies in order to show that there would be no defence and that the home of the Hohenzollern had capitulated to Communism. Later, however, the old palace suffered a good deal of damage when the Government troops bombarded it and drove out the rebel sailors who had taken possession of it.

How little William II guessed that his private apartments would one day be looted by a furious mob, that later his home would be turned into a Museum of Industrial Art, that bands of tourists would pass up and down in the great halls of State, that strangers would stare with curious, resentful eyes at the table where he signed the order for general mobilization, the table which curiously enough had been given him by a London firm, and was made out of the wood of the *Victory* and engraved with the words, "England expects every man to do his duty."

But if the Palace of Unter den Linden has its memories of terror and despair, what ghosts there must be to haunt the silent rooms of the Palace of the Tsars in old St. Petersburg. Built by Rastrelli it was burnt down in 1837, but was rebuilt in an almost exact replica of its former size and grandeur and of the same red sandstone. So vast was it that it was almost a town in itself, the long line of State rooms stretching nearly from end to end, connecting with the Hermitage at one end and with the Emperor's private apartments at the other. And high up under the roof there were passages like rabbit warrens, rooms where the windows remained hermetically sealed, where children were born and died, where chickens were kept, smuggled up the stairs under a grey shawl or sheepskin coat, and once, it was rumoured, even a small calf was concealed and only discovered in the palace fire, when it came stumbling mad with terror down the stairs.

In the reign of Alexander II the Court of Russia was almost the most brilliant in Europe, seven to eight thousand people were invited to the great balls and given a sit-down supper, there were also more intimate dances, private theatricals, concerts and banquets, and the annual reception on New Year's Day when the Diplomatic Body and the entire society of St. Petersburg came to pay their respects to the Imperial pair.

The last years, however, of Alexander's reign were darkened by the activities of the Nihilists, and in 1888 he and his entire family escaped death only by the fact of Prince Alexander of Hesse arriving late for dinner, so that the mine, placed beneath the dining-room in the palace, exploded when nobody had sat down to table, though the entire room was wrecked and servants and soldiers in the guard-room next door were killed.

When we arrived in Russia in 1910 the Emperor and his family had taken up their résidence at Tsarskoe Selo, and the great palace was inhabited only by a few old ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting and an army of servants and retainers. Only very rarely in those days were there any Court receptions, the "Baise Main" on New Year's Day, the Gala on St. George's Day, and the Ceremony of the Blessing of the Water at Epiphany. Then the big State halls would be opened, colour and life and laughter filled the empty rooms, and, passing along endless passages, through great halls with pillars of porphyry and gold, one came now on a group of Hussars in white and scarlet, now on a Cossack in sapphire blue, another in vivid crimson, an officer in the Horse Guards in white and gold, a Colonel of some line regiment in green and silver, a young girl in the ruby velvet robes of a lady-in-waiting. Whichever way one looked there was colour, all round one was the jingle of spurs, the whisper of long trains on the polished floors.

During the first years of the War one wing of the Winter Palace was used as a hospital for wounded soldiers, while another was turned into a Red Cross store, but with the outbreak of revolution in March, 1917, the hospital was closed and the Red Cross organization disbanded.

I remember passing along the palace square during those first few days of revolution and pausing to watch two dirty-looking students and an old Court servant who had nursed, who knows what long-ranking grievance, covering the Imperial Arms carved over the centre doorway with a long strip of crimson carpet, while three other students hoisted the red flag of liberty in the place of the Imperial yellow standard. Soon after this the Emperor's private apartments were taken over by Kerensky; strange women in leather coats, high stuff blouses and untidy hair, sat about on the golden chairs; soldiers lolled everywhere, eating sunflower seeds, smoking and spitting in the big rooms where the trains of velvet and brocade had swept over the polished floor.

October, 1917! Kerensky, a furtive figure, slipping out of one of the big gates, the other ministers gathered with blanched faces in one of the inner rooms of the palace, members of a tottering government, guarded only by a handful of cadets, a company of women soldiers!

The Bolsheviks were in possession of the fortress facing the palace just across the river, two light cruisers had come up from Cronstadt, a battalion of Red guards had taken up their position under the archway on the palace square, were waiting with rifles and machine-guns ready loaded for the roar of the first cannon which was to be the signal for them to begin their attack. From nine till nearly two in the morning the bombardment continued, and though the palace was only hit three times from the river side, many windows were broken, the walls were riddled with bullets, and several houses in the town were damaged by falling shells.

At last the futile, brave-hearted defence of the Cadets' and Women's Battalion wavered and broke, the Bolshevik soldiers, gaining entrance from the Hermitage, streamed into the palace shouting and singing, smashing down doors and furniture, dragging the terrified ministers from their hiding places, driving them out of the palace and across the river to the fortress.

My last impression of the Winter Palace is one of utter desolation and yet of a certain tragic dignity, the bullet-scarred walls standing out darkly above the emptiness of the great square, formerly teeming with traffic and movement, but that day empty and still under a canopy of almost untrodden snow, the only figure that of a Red guard, lurching drunkenly along, his rifle tied on with a bit of string, a huge red rosette flaring on one of the buttons of his leather coat.

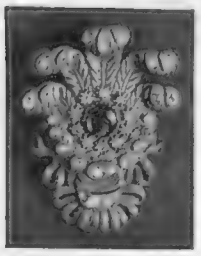
Strangely enough, Trotzky was the only one of the Soviet Ministers who dared take up his residence in the Winter Palace, but as though this gesture of defiance could not quite carry him far enough he sought a secluded corner of the great building almost as if he was afraid that the spirit of some Romanoff Tsar would come and chase him out with a big whip.

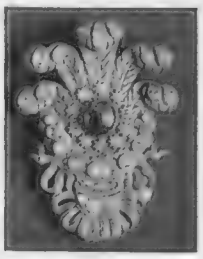
Later when the seat of government was moved to Moscow the palace was turned into a museum, and carefully conducted parties of tourists, led by men who formerly were Court servants, are shown the State apartments, the rooms of dead emperors, the toys of a little murdered boy.

Vienna has always been the gayest city in Europe, rivalling even Paris in geniality and animation; and however much a rigid etiquette and the tragedies which always seemed to dog the Habsburgs laid their shadow on the Hofburg, the good humour of the Viennese bubbled up irresistibly and filled the streets with laughter and song. Begun by King Ottocar in 1275 and added to by successive Habsburg sovereigns, the Hofburg is a huge and impressive block of buildings, and before the War the scene of brilliant festivities and ceremonies. In the Ritter Saal on Maundy Thursday took place the traditional ceremony when twelve old beggars were brought in state to the palace and given food and drink by the Emperor who, afterwards, kneeling humbly on the ground, washed the right foot of each man, while two Archdukes held the golden basin and ewer and a third the fine damask towel.

The grey-haired Emperor I remember seeing driving through the streets of Vienna lived to see his son, his wife, and his nephew all die violent deaths, but was spared seeing his empire crumble, his crown trampled in the dust. Vienna still has her music, her open-air cafés, her flowers and laughter, but the Imperial Hofburg has been robbed of its grandeur, the quiet gardens have been turned into an amusement park where the youth of Vienna enjoys itself noisily, some of the big rooms are galleries and museums, others are used as offices. In the Winter Riding School the carriages of Napoleon and the little Duke of Reichstadt are on view, the stables where the Empress Elisabeth kept her thoroughbred horses are empty and deserted, but the private rooms of the old Emperor have been left untouched, and here people tread softly and with tears in their eyes. Vienna may be a "Kaiser Stadt" no longer, but the Viennese will never quite forget.

JEWELS OF TURKEY

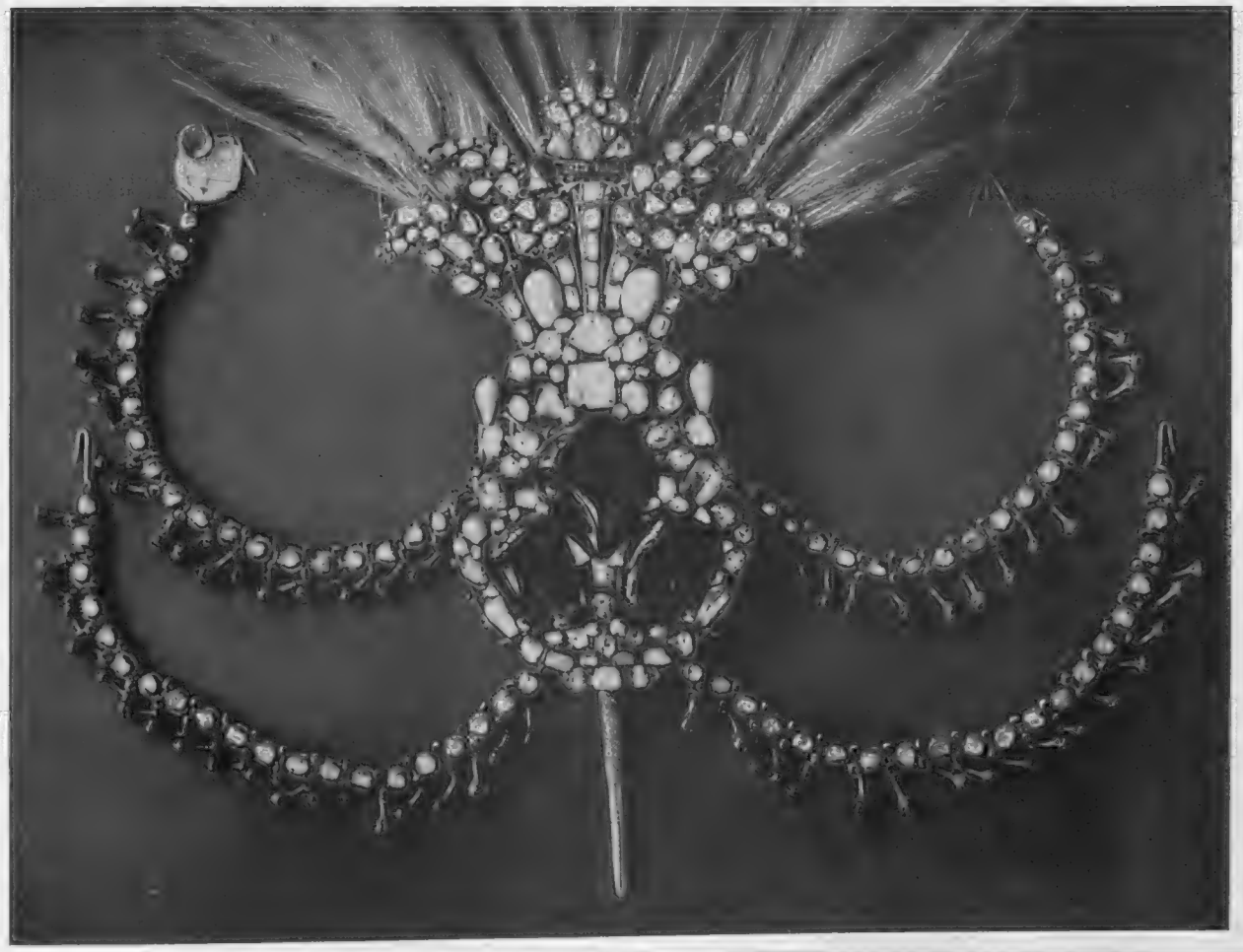




Treasures of the Museum of the Old Seraglio now on View to the Public

THE HEAD-DRESS OF A SULTAN: The jewelled aigrette worn by Mahmoud I in his turban is, like many such Oriental ornaments, a blaze of stones. *Below* is an even more elaborate and gorgeous aigrette. This, worn by Sultan Bajazed, consists mainly of diamonds. The two small pieces seen above are also turban ornaments

E PLUME OF YALTY: An nate turban nament on view the museum the old raglio, Con- tinople, which just been wn open to olic exhibition



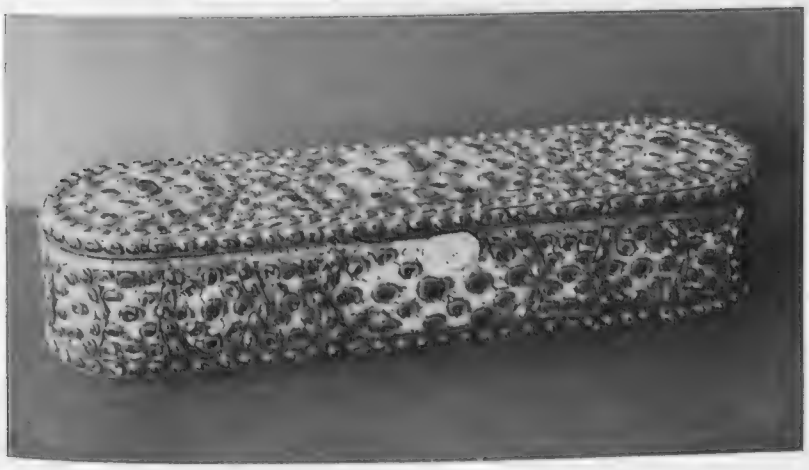
PRECIOUS STONES: A pendentive in the throne of Sultan Ahmed III in brilliants, rubies, and pearls. The great stone suspended from the main ornament is an 8 cm. emerald

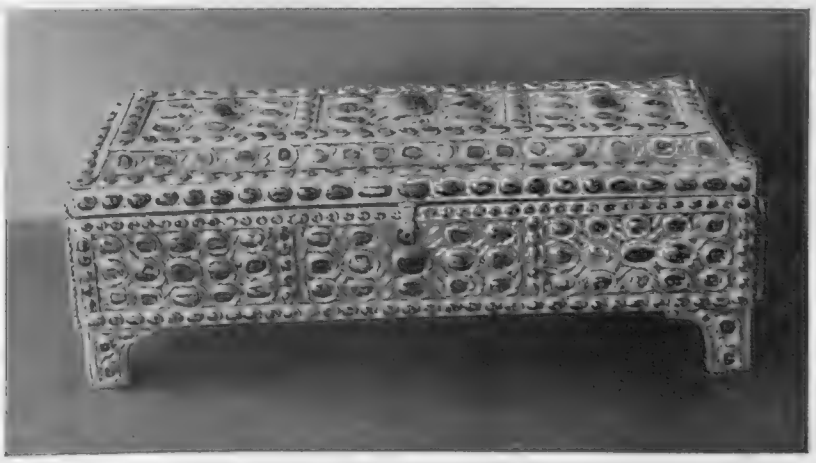
Below

HIS MAJESTY WOULD WRITE: An inkstand and penholder encrusted with jewels—a witness of the barbaric splendour the Sultanate enjoyed in the heyday of its luxury

Below

"BARBARIC PEARL AND GOLD": Milton's famous line is exemplified in the ornate jewelled inkstand and penholder shown below. Diamonds form the main decorative scheme





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NOCTURNE in AUSTRALIA

By **F. MATANIA, R.I.**

"The finest harbour in the world" beneath a midnight sky of richest purple, is fringed with luxurious homes on the verandahs of which the youth of the young country dances while the elders chat over their drinks or play the inevitable bridge

Depressions come and go, but social seasons go on for ever. In Australia, so much in the limelight just now because of its gallant fight against temporary adversity, the *panache* that insists on the gay laugh and the cheery diversion is splendidly in evidence, helped by a climate that in itself tends to dispel gloom, and, incidentally, ensures a season that persists all the year round. The Melbourne Cup, a classic second only in importance to the Derby, is still run; July "winter" sports still bring their devotees to the Dividing Range; polo, tennis, golf, shooting and hunting still entail their house parties; while first nights, shows, agricultural and otherwise, and race meetings are as inseparable as ever from the dinners and dances of early colonial tradition, at which sun-tanned faces and shoulders are set off by starched shirt and soignée frock.

From material recently received from Australia, a moment during a typical dinner-dance-bridge party has been reconstructed. A party is being held at one of the spacious homes on Sydney's magnificent harbour front, which fascinates even more by night than by day. With the fairy-lit ferry boats — some with orchestras aboard — that dart to and fro, and the twinkling pin-points that stab the sombre outline of the north shore slopes against the purple sapphire of the vaulting sky, it is easy to understand how not only Australians claim for Sydney the distinction of possessing the most beautiful harbour in the world. In the distance looms the vast bulk of the world's largest single-span bridge, the building of which is a splendid gesture of magnificent confidence in a country where, despite present stress, potential wealth is unlimited.

WILLS'S
"CAPSTAN" *are Capital*

WOMEN *of* FASHION
and Fashions of Women

RUFFLES AND FRILLS: A charming gown for the garden party designed in white tucked mousseline. The long full skirt and the effective berthe collar are featured and the waist is bound in a cherry-red sash

POUR LE SPORT: An effective décolleté pullover (a term that has been incorporated in every civilized language) in brown. Excellent for archery, it can be used for golf—or even tennis

FOR THE BEACH: An effective beach pyjama suit in white shantung with red spots. It is worn over a scarlet bathing dress the top of which acts as a jumper

PRINCESSES AT PLAY: Princess Astrid, Crown Princess of Belgium (left), with her daughter Princess Josephine on the sands of Ostend. On right is a little friend of Princess Josephine's

PRESENTED AT HOLYROOD: Miss Valerie Nielson, who was presented at Holyrood Court by Mrs. Robin Wilson

IN THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT OF NEWCASTLE AND THE NORTH: The Hon. Mrs. S. R. Vereker, of Hamsterley Hall, Durham, in the rôle of Princess Margaret

A LAWN TENNIS ENGAGEMENT: *Peter North* Miss Ettie Hemmant, niece of Lord Aitkin, the lawn tennis champion of Wales, engaged to Mr. E. C. Peters

GORILLAS AHEAD!

Reminiscences and Hopes of Experience in Tracking the Largest of Anthropoid Apes

By J. L. BUCK

As the Buck "Expedition" sails for Africa this year we wonder, my son and I, if the present trip will reward us with such a prize as Bushman, the young 50 lb. gorilla we captured last year up above Moyene, in the French Congo. When we landed Bushman at Philadelphia a few months after we had caught him he became the fourth gorilla in captivity in the United States, and my son and I had captured two of this distinguished quartet. N'ji, the gorilla we brought back two years ago, is now healthy and thriving at the National Zoological Park in Washington, D.C., and Bushman has become a greatly admired member of the zoological family at Lincoln Park, Chicago. Bushman, I feel, will prove the exception to the rule that gorillas must die after a year or two of captivity. Certainly they are giving him intelligent care at Lincoln Park.

The story of how we took Bushman from his thorny, twilight forest home is one of hard work and exceeding patience. Our hunt began in a little village ruled over by old Chief Karumpa, near Moyene, in the French Congo. Most of the journey from coast headquarters had been made in an old automobile, with a trailer, thereby gaining much prestige with the natives who watched in amazement as our "wagon of wonder" rattled through. And so the old chief laid his troubles before us. They were haunted in his village. When "the great black enemy" came stalking woe to the babies and children of the village, woe to the grown men and women, woe to the vegetable patches of the tribesmen.

The "black enemy," I learned, was an outlaw gorilla—"big pass all." The chief told me how the outlaw had terrorized the village—and, when he had ended his tale of horrors, he sought my help. Surely the man whose "medicine" carried him about by "magic wagon" could charm the enemy. With Hector, my head boy, translating whenever my pidgin failed, I explained to the chief that I had come to catch gorillas alive. "But I will pursue this outlaw," I told him, "though not with 'medicine.' We must call upon more practical aid."

The chief shook his head. Wiser, he felt, to use my "medicine." After a time, though, he acquiesced. White men were queer; still, he had faith in me.

I wish I could re-create the thrill that comes to you in the damp, hot forest when suddenly the rare gorilla shows himself. All our lives we who collect wild animals imagine such a moment. And then, on a stifling hot day, in some twilight forest the miracle occurs—as it did that day in the uplands above Moyene.

Following that first pleasurable shock, I silently marshalled the boys. Their tasks had long before been explained to them. My gun-carrier pressed close to my left hand—his nearness might mean preservation in the moment of attack. Hector was at my right. Over the thorn-grown patch we pushed, straining our eyes toward the prize. In the group were a full-grown male of fine proportions, two females, which appeared to be full grown, and two little ones, almost toddlers. The breeze was in our favour. They would not get our scent. As we crept after them I marvelled at the extreme silence of their movements, at the ease with which they moved through the undergrowth. The cruel thorns which tore my skin left their thick, shaggy hides unscratched.

Bent double, they led the way. Down on our hands and knees we moved slowly after them. Occasionally as we crept forward a gorilla would rise to a half erect position, and my heart would thump in dread of discovery.

As we advanced I motioned to the boys to pass me a net. This I hastily arranged so that I could throw it at my first chance. My plan, of course, was to trap one of the youngsters should it straggle far enough behind to make it safe for us to rush it.

With the net ever ready, we crawled and crept along behind the family of gorillas hour after hour, hoping that the smallest chap would weary and fall behind. It was about noon when we first sighted the band. It was after three that sizzling afternoon when the smallest one had at last straggled behind until a tangled hillside separated him from his family. Swiftly we closed in on him. I snatched the net from Hector and threw it swiftly. It swished out, nearly catching upon a thorn, and in the next moment the entangled youngster was sending out a strident call for help. I slipped, and that mishap settled the young gorilla's fate. Through the crackling brambles his mother charged down upon us. Forbearing to risk a shot in such uncertain light and terrain, I scuttled for a nearby tree. The old animal fell upon her baby with cries that were half angry, half solicitous. Her powerful teeth soon had bitten her baby free. Father Gorilla, which also had come up, stood behind her, lending his approval. And then from our trees we watched as the trio started off to join the rest of the band, the baby riding happily upon his mother's back.

A fortnight went by—with no gorilla. My torn arms and legs at last made farther travel too painful, and so for several days I sat perched in a tree a short distance from the field camp, comforting myself with the old belief of African travellers that if you wait long enough in one spot in gorilla country you will finally be rewarded.

This may or may not be infallible, but in any event, on the fifth afternoon, the long awaited gorillas trudged across a nearby hilltop and advanced toward the tree in which I was sitting. My pulse throbbed. I wondered if they could see us or smell us. Apparently they couldn't, for the next moment, quite off their guard, they squatted down to rest under a nearby tree.

An old gorilla sat in the middle of the group. He seemed to be the leader, and his deep notes dominated the medley of gorilla voices. A younger male, which I could barely glimpse, did not seem to be on particularly friendly terms with the leader, and there was a strange uneasiness apparent in the band. To the left a mother slapped a little one. For a moment I heard the baby's wail, strangely human, and then the two males claimed my entire attention.

They were up on their rear legs. Suddenly a huge arm flailed out, and a superb battle had started. Whatever was the trouble, the two males were fighting passionately. My ears ached from the din of their cries. And then, just as suddenly as the fight had started, it was over. The younger male turned his back upon his opponent and plunged into the bushes. He had conceded defeat. The old fellow returned to his tree, and back to his side came the other members of the group which had fled abruptly as the battle started. Over everything settled a painful hush.

The next day we set out again. It could not have been more than ten o'clock when we topped a little rise where the way was fairly good going, and almost shouted in triumph. There, just ahead of us, was another band of six or seven gorillas! They seemed like men who, facing a long journey, have decided to take it at a slow and steady gait.

Again the task faced us of separating a straggler from its elders. Back in the village I had rehearsed the boys in another strategy. Six were assigned to work their way forward and then to swing across the baby gorilla's path, dropping bananas in front of him in the hope that these would tempt him into further delay. At this juncture we were to steal up with the nets. I had impressed the boys with the need of using every wile to make the distance between the band of old gorillas and the straggler as great as possible.

The chosen boys went ahead and, guarding our footfalls, we followed them. Steadily we gained on the little straggler. The boys had crossed in front of him now and had dropped a handful of bananas. He stooped, picked one of them up. We could hear his lips smacking as I raised a finger to caution silence.

Then I plunged. I can still feel the sharp sting of nettles as I shot the net out with a singing swish. I can still feel the arc my body described as I followed the net and grabbed that gorilla to smother his cries. And I can still remember my amazement when I discovered that we had two struggling gorillas tangled in our net—the baby and a half-grown fellow that must have been hidden from us by a bush. My son and Hector had leaped forward with me. Now, suddenly, in the struggle with this jumbled network of furry black arms and snapping teeth, we were swept off our feet and went rolling, tearing, scratching and scrambling through the brambles.

Then it was that our "advance guard" rendered yeoman service. They pressed ahead along the trail, desperately striving to keep the old ones from doubling back on us.

As we struggled to untangle ourselves we rolled into a clearing. My son managed to free himself and began struggling desperately to free me. Hector also was up, and likewise trying to pull me to safety. Still tangled in the net, the two gorillas and I were tottering on the edge of a 20-ft. cliff. The furry bundle rolled slowly forward, balanced for a second on the edge, and then toppled over. As it started its descent I felt a strong jerk on my leg. Hector had pulled me free of the tangled net.

The two jabbering, scratching and biting gorillas landed below the cliff and rolled for a few yards. Then they managed to free themselves—and race away.

Again we had failed. Three gorilla bands we had sighted—and no gorilla.

There followed a succession of scorching days without any sign of gorillas to break the monotony. It was late in the afternoon, when from the crotch of a tree I suddenly spied a band of gorillas in the distance. Closer and closer they came, halting finally beneath a tree just a short distance from where I sat. There they held a grave and garrulous communion, and when they had settled whatever was troubling them, all the band, except one old chap who seemed to be the leader, went into a tree to sleep, though it is seldom that gorillas sleep in trees.

The night offers no time for a gorilla capture, so we slept as best we could in our own tree crotch.

I suppose I must have nodded. The day had been weary enough, goodness knows. Suddenly I was awakened by the sound of a terrific fight.

"The old gorilla is doing murder," I thought, as I tried to pierce the gloom. For long minutes the battle raged, impressing itself upon me by sound alone. Why, I wondered, is the cry of one of the combatants so strangely treble? Did gorilla ever emit a cry like that? The noise of the conflict slowly died away until once more all was hushed.

At dawn stirrings at the foot of the nearby tree prompted me to separate the barrage of vines and brambles I had drawn across my tree crotch. The gorillas, three or four of them, were even then disappearing. And under the tree lay a leopard—dead!

Many an African traveller has heard how the leopard travels after the gorilla band, hoping to seize a straggling young one. But this leopard had miscalculated and his mistake cost him his life. I pieced this together with another bit of animal lore. Almost invariably, we have been told, the gorilla sleeps upon the ground. When he does take to a tree, as these gorillas had, it is because the leader sends them aloft while he awaits the enemy below. Precisely this appeared to have happened while I was marooned in my tree crotch.

That morning I had to delay the start while the boys cut huge chunks of leopard for roasting. It seemed later that the leopard feast brought us luck as well as the courage born of full stomachs. For we had been on the road scarcely an hour when we canght up the gorilla band.

The old familiar thrill surged through me again. In such an electric moment forgotten is the weary way, the danger and the failure—and the old animal man eagerly bends his scratched shoulders to the new trail. Silently we pushed after the gorilla party. Were our efforts again to be doomed to failure? Would still another band of gorillas manage to elude us without our taking one of them captive?

Gradually all the details preliminary to the great moment of capture began to click. Within half an hour a likely little fellow was lagging behind the band, and the boys I had sent forward to intercept him gradually drew closer and closer. Soon they had manœuvred in front of him and had dropped the tempting bananas.

Cautiously I motioned to the boys behind to shake out the nets. A difficult task—shaking out a liana net while you are fighting your way through a dense underbrush. But somehow we managed both to open the nets and to cover the ground between us and the fairly clear spot near the top of the rise, where the baby gorilla was by now greedily enjoying our bananas.

The magic moment of capture was at hand. Signalling to my boys, I darted toward the hairy little back above me. The net was balanced, ready to be tossed about our prize. Raising myself on tiptoes I took careful aim and threw it—darting after it as it swirled about the baby gorilla. The next moment I had grabbed the little fellow and was muffling his cries with my hands, while my circling legs held him down. My son rushed up with a sponge of ether. Soon the biting, scratching little body was relaxed. Ten minutes later we had started back toward the village, with my son trailing along behind us—a rear bodyguard to watch out for a solicitous gorilla mother that might come hunting for her runaway.

When we brought Bushman into the village, I expected the chief and the villagers to reproach me because I had returned with a little fellow instead of the "big black enemy" they feared. And yet I was not reproached. The reputed outlaw had for some reason abruptly made himself scarce, and the villagers firmly believed that my "medicine" had been responsible for his disappearance.

THE CINDERELLA PONIES: A group of the animals brea by Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, the Mayor of Maidstone; they are widely usea in pantomimes and have a worla-wide reputation. The little fellow on the left was, when this picture was taken, only a day old

EXILES FROM ST. KILDA: A flock of the famous black sheep of St. Kilda, which were taken off with the inhabitants when the island was evacuated. These animals, which are very hardy and are accustomed to the most scanty pasturage, now grace Tyntesfield, Wraxall, Somerset, the gorgeous estate of Lord Wraxall. The wool of St. Kilda, once used by the crofters for making cloth—almost their sole means of profit—is still extremely valuable

A SHEPHERDESS OF THE HILLS: Shepherdesses in these days—save those of the Dresden variety!—are, despite the ever-growing number of activities into which woman is making her way, extremely rare. This particular shepherdess rides bareback over the rolling hills of Exmoor and, accompanied by a dog, daily rounds up her flock

LIFE on the LAND

A Page for Animal-lovers

J. M. W. TURNER VILIFIED

The Fashion of Plaster-chipping Reaches its Regrettable Climax — and other Notable Books of the Week

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

One by one the Victorian gods are being stripped in public. There is now a shortage of objects for demolition. The politicians and poets have been shown up as humbugs and lunatics; low living and high thinking have been proved to be not incompatible in the character of genius. Palmerston an old rip, Florence Nightingale a shrew, Gladstone a hypocrite, Disraeli an adventurer, Dickens a profligate—one by one the plaster is chipped off, and every rude novice with a fountain pen scrawls his ribald epigram across the face of the great. To the gallery of the dispossessed we may now add J. M. W. Turner. None of his sunsets is as lurid as his life, it would seem. Mr. Walter Bayes has given us what he calls a speculative portrait *Turner* (Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.). How speculative, it is difficult to determine. He calls his book an essay in which he attempts to establish the fact that there was a relation between Turner's private life and his art. Mr. Bayes makes the astonishing declaration: "I have not sufficient curiosity to speculate, on the basis of such facts and rumours as have come to my ears, upon the nature of his development; I have not enough curiosity to induce me to search records, verify traditions, and most laborious of all, to hunt up chance survivors who have heard from someone who knew someone else, the facts on this or that point." One cannot help wondering, therefore, whether Mr. Bayes has any right to undertake a study at all, particularly in view of the devastating nature of his revelations. It may be that among artists, versed in the lives of their fellow craftsmen, the fact that Turner was a libertine is well known, but to the general public it will come as a shock to learn that the great artist, revered by good Mr. Ruskin, went regularly down to Limehouse and the Thames side to traffic with women in seamen's brothels. Nor is this enough for Mr. Bayes. He must rub in the fact of Turner's parsimony, and in connection with Turner's vice adds: "For after such an adventure, what self-contempt! Was this the man of refined sensibilities, capable of the most exalted passion? *And it was not as though it were worth the money.*" The italics are Mr. Bayes's! It is true the author of this "Life" seems aware at moments that he is playing a dangerous game. "I find it a little difficult to put clearly my views of the part played in his life by Turner's social irregularities without jostling somewhat the older canons of morality." But the whole book is a very determined piece of jostling, the more deadly because the author disdains to produce the proof.

We do not want the proof of course. It is easier for us to think that Mr. Walter Bayes has an unpleasant mind than that Turner led an unpleasant life. Masterpieces have been written by doped writers. It may be that masterpieces have been painted by vicious artists. Our minds, nevertheless, refuse to believe that Mr. Ruskin's favourite painter, for whom he turned himself into such a press agent as the world is never likely to behold again, was a monster of depravity. Mr. Walter Bayes is a ruthless fellow. He is not content with dragging us down to Limehouse. He drags the pictures into the hothouse atmosphere of Freudian sex-repressions. "If only there had been fewer purchasers of Turner's landscapes; if only, in need of money, he had had to turn to figure-drawing. Then he would have been less at the mercy of his vicious propensities at those intervals when one side of his nature called out to him that landscape painting was an emasculate business."

So Mr. Bayes argues. I think he is wilfully wrong-headed, that he takes appalling liberties in his speculations, I think he has done Turner a disservice. And yet, when I ask myself why Mr. Bayes has perpetrated this book, I cannot think that it has been in any sense a work of malice. He is a man with an active mind, an independent view, he commands the attention by the variety of his interests. For this is only incidentally a book about Turner. It enunciates a theory of art and of life, it tells us what Mr. Bayes thinks, where he travels, and even of the places in which he writes, places so remote that the entire absence of authoritative sources for his startling statements is as much due to geography as to mental laziness. An irritating book, indeed, and yet one that compels attention, much as one must watch the erratic progress of a youth on a motor-cycle. You follow his progress apprehensively and resentfully, wondering why one so reckless should be spared a violent end. But perhaps Mr. Bayes will meet a violent end at the hands of an indignant surviving Victorian. Such an end as I once saw in a book by Mr. Lytton Strachey, arch-priest of the plaster-chippers. "This author," wrote an indignant reader on the flyleaf, "is a man of deplorable cleverness, and a menace to history."

I have been waiting for someone who would be brave enough and intelligent enough to say outright that Professor André Siegfried writes a lot of nonsense, and writes it with such a cocksure air that he has been loudly applauded for telling the British people in their leading newspaper that they are a race of degenerates. Well, we are indebted to Mr. Reginald Berkeley for knocking the bottom out of, perhaps more appropriately putting the lid on, *England's Crisis*. M. Siegfried has somehow got himself accepted as the prophet of our ruin. In his book he has set forth the reasons of England's impending downfall. There is, of course, nothing new in this prophecy. Another Frenchman, Napoleon, was doing it, and being cheered by Europe, more than a hundred years ago, and even struck a medal in anticipation, thus rendering himself ridiculous in the eyes of posterity. In his book, *England's Opportunity* (Mandamus. 3s.), Mr. Berkeley presents a devastating reply to M. Siegfried's book. He does something more, he preaches a fervent gospel of faith in the British race. After exposing the specious arguments of our French critic, the mental and statistical faking that characterizes his case against us, he examines our ills with a knowledge of British economic history and British psychology that entitles him to respectful hearing. I have regarded M. Siegfried's book as a dangerous piece of propaganda in defeatism, full of misrepresentation. Racily written, it deserved contempt as a contribution to a serious situation. Yet it was widely applauded by those who should know better. It is high time we ceased enjoying the spectacle of our own disparagement. Mr. Reginald Berkeley has called a halt, he has challenged M. Siegfried's facts and deductions, and I think no one can read this admirable little book without feeling that we are not so desperate, so despicable, so degenerate as our French critic would have the world believe. "The religion of the mid-Victorians may seem a sewer of hypocrisies to the clever young men and women of our age. It was no such thing to the people who lived in it. They believed, baselessly if you like, mistakenly if you like. That matters not. The point is that they believed. They were as much an inspired people as the Jews of the great period of Solomon. They believed that in making cotton goods in Manchester and sending them out with missionaries to the heathen they were doing something very splendid. It would be well for England if she could find an animating faith today." Mr. Berkeley touches the truth of the matter when he observes that our French critic cannot tolerate the thought of our standard of living. It is an affront to the social misery of the Continent. Having disposed of M. Siegfried with a thoroughness that I hope will shatter his undeserved reputation as an authority on the diseases of the British Empire, Mr. Reginald Berkeley proceeds to enunciate a programme. It fails to convince me, but the process of thought is highly stimulating and provocative of constructive ideas. It is unfortunate that, in propounding a five-year plan for our economic restitution, which proposes a 10 per cent. cut in production costs via capital, wages, and commodity prices, he should cite the Russian Five Year Plan as a miraculous success, just when the total failure of that plan has been admitted by the Soviet. And some of us would have more hope from the suspension of the House of Commons than from a National Government. And does, as the author asserts, Mr. Baldwin, in private, believe Mr. MacDonald to be a remarkably fine fellow?

Whatever our views, I would like to see a copy of this gospel of hope to a race of Jeremiahs in the hands of every young man and woman. Mr. Berkeley is a persuasive fellow. He has the fire and faith within him. It is better we should make mighty mistakes than sit upon the ground and hear the sad tales of Siegfried.

Colette is one of those writers whose thousand words a day keeps the megrims away. This last example, *Claudine in Paris* (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), is a rambling, formless, first-person narrative of a young French girl's migration from the country to Paris. A more unpleasant, unhealthy set of people it would be difficult to imagine, and I cannot believe that any young girl would talk as Claudine does. The novel has not one natural moment from beginning to end, and one cannot help feeling that the proper position for Claudine would be face downwards over the parental knee. A horrid child.

If you like a collection of good stories, strung together in the loosest form, then you may enjoy *Myself and Others*, by Sir Landon Ronald (Sampson Low. 12s. 6d.). It has no literary merit, but I do not expect Sir Landon hopes to claim that. It has the customary fault of pompous autobiographies—quite meaningless and commonplace autographed photographs of royalties, and a chapter in which the author hands out bouquets to kings and princes while recollecting the trivialities of his contact with them. But the worst over, Sir Landon is a good raconteur, and he has met most of the outstanding figures in the musical world and inspired their confidence. His chapter on infant prodigies is extremely interesting, especially the story of the amazing Willy Ferrero, aged six, who conducted the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, and at the end received an ovation from his orchestra. But Sir Landon should not be so tantalizing. He stops short in his story, leaving us uninformed of the end of this infant prodigy. It is good to learn that, contrary to general belief, Sir Thomas Beecham is punctual, and answers letters; and there is the delightful story of the photographer who (called in to take a group photograph of A. S. M. Hutchinson, Sir Ernest Hodder Williams, Sir Frederick Cowen, Sir Edward Elgar, and Sir Landon Ronald) was told he must not send it to the Press. As he took down the names of the sitters he said, "That's all right, that's all right. Personally I've never 'eard of one of yer!"

The other day I found myself visiting Stoke Poges for the first time under the auspices of the Penn-Gray Society. This has been formed to conserve the beauties of this exquisite spot, so rich in memories of the poet Gray and of the Penns. I was also conducted over the old Manor House by Colonel Shaw, the right kind of person to occupy such a house, for he has enthusiasm and treats his occupancy of the historic site in the nature of a public trust. One of the most interesting things in the house, apart from a superb Adams' mantelpiece, is the drawing of the Garter Arms made on the wall of the dining-room by Charles I while he was a prisoner there. Under the magnificent coat of arms in the drawing-room there is a fine carved mantelpiece carrying the initials of Edwin Landseer. The views from the windows across the lawns and the lake, towards the bridge, are beyond belief. It is England, old England in all its historic beauty. It is, indeed, fortunate that the writer of the *Elegy* should find his resting place in a spot so much in keeping with the mellow rusticity of his famous poem. But it is monstrous that the encroachment of the modern builder should threaten such beauty. Much has already been done by the National Trust, and by a band of ardent enthusiasts under the lead of Mr. Noel Mobbs, owner of Stoke Park, the semi-Palladian house built by the grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania. But more has to be done if the supreme beauty of this place, so near to the heart of London, is not to become another villadom of ferro-concrete. There is a noble avenue approaching the church that is under an immediate threat. Five thousand pounds will save this. The Manor House, on the death of its present owner, will come into the market, and may not find so sensitive an occupant as Colonel Shaw. For a total sum of £30,000 an oasis of beauty can be created, rich in memories of Penn and Gray, of old England in its most picturesque setting, such as no other country in the world can offer. It seems ridiculous that so much effort should be necessary for so small a sum. To create these funds the Penn-Gray Society has been created, with its headquarters in a little museum house at Stoke Poges itself. It seems to be that in preserving such supreme and historic beauty it is rendering a national service.

Recommended List:

Great Short Stories of Detective, Mystery, Horror (Gollancz. 8s. 6d. net).—A second collection of sixty-seven stories, containing the best G. K. Chesterton, Dorothy Sayers and H. C. Bailey detective stories, among others.

Movies and Magpies, *by Dorothy Lambert* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net).—An Irish novel of the return of Sir Arthur O'Heyne, V.C., to find his family in a muddle. Witty, with elements of mystery and tragedy.

Life of a Seaman, *by E. G. Twitchett* (Wishart and Co. 12s. 6d. net).—The life of the tenth Earl of Dundonald, Thomas Cochrane, who after distinguished service in the Napoleonic wars achieved fame as the commander of the Chilean and Peruvian Fleets. In the end he aided the Greeks, rounding off an adventurous career. A well-written biography of an astonishing career.

Strange Bedfellows, *by Andrew Soutar* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net).—A vivid, sprightly story of a titled family that in adversity takes to caravanning. Their adventures and their temperaments are most engagingly narrated, with a strain of poetry in the adventure.

Rambles in the Chiltern Country, *by H. E. Page* (G.W. Railway. 6d. net).—An excellent pocket guide to a delectable region.

Wild Beasts To-day, *by Harold J. Shepstone* (Sampson, Low. 12s. 6d. net).—An account of the world's leading zoos with the story of how they are run. A good handbook for Whipsnade enthusiasts.

SPORT
and the MAN and WOMAN

A DUEL WITH FOILS: Lord Ullswater, Speaker from 1905-21, an enthusiastic fencer for forty years, prepares for a bout with M. Léon Bertrand, the noted instructor

CARTE AND TIERCE: Not a duel of the good old days by the light of the setting sun, nor yet a scene staged for the ubiquitous "movies," but open-air practice by members of the Liverpool Fencing Club on the rocks of Hoylake. The foil is regaining something of its old popularity

OVER THE TOP—BY THE NAVY: Members of the Senior Service taking obstacles during the Hamilton-Leigh Competition at Bisley. Jack proved himself as handy ashore as he is afloat. The men seen in this picture are from H.M.S. Victory

HUNGARY'S VICTORY: E. Madarasz, the champion of his country, who won the discus event in the A.A.A. championships at Stamford Bridge—a meeting in which England staggered everyone by winning eleven events out of nineteen. As usual, the field events went abroad. Italy, Hungary and Sweden, won two events; Holland and Norway one each

WHEN JACK GOES ASHORE: A tricky task in the competition for the Hamilton-Leigh Challenge Cup, held at Bisley last week. A sailor from H.M.S. Pembroke is seen here negotiating rope and wire entanglements in pursuit of his rifle. The narrowness of the reticulation has been carefully judged

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

MEASURE FOR MEASURE: *Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson as Isabella and Mr. Baliol Holloway as Angelo in the new production at the Fortune Theatre*

"Nina Rosa."

Whether they deal with perukes or Peru, American musical plays of the twentieth century are built on much the same plan. The authors of *Nina Rosa*, the new entertainment at the Lyceum, have plumped for Peru. "Plumped" is the right word, for it is a heavy business, and the first act on the opening performance lasted a couple of hours—nearly as long as the whole of *Rheingold*, that is, and just about as funny. There were occasional bursts of enthusiasm, for heaps of people are fond of this form of solemnity and they were getting plenty for their money; at one moment a gentleman named Cortez literally whipped up some applause by lashing at his lady partner. He was wise in his cracks, but I do not think I should like to be Mr. Maurice Besly, the Lyceum's very competent *chef d'orchestre*, since Mr. Besly is teed up uncommonly high, and one night, perhaps, Señor Cortez's aim will not be so sure. . . . However, do not let us anticipate trouble.

There is plenty of this in the plot, which concerns a heroic young Englishman in riding-breeches who is the rival of a vocal young Peruvian in brown velvet "plus-fours" for the hand of Nina Rosa. I could not understand the enthusiasm of either of them, since Nina Rosa was a young woman whose main stock-in-trade appeared to be a knack of pulling the most extraordinary faces in order, presumably, to show off a pair of alluring brown eyes. She would have driven me hysterical with irritation in a couple of minutes (and, in fact, did); but there is no accounting for tastes at the Peruvian Lyceum. Pablo, the villain with the voice, also had his eye on a gold mine, and that was another reason why he didn't like Jack, the Englishman, who was prospecting the mine as well as Nina.

So there was trouble—lots of it. Jack did not think that Nina's kissing of Pablo was done only to prevent Pablo from killing him, and dramatically said — or sang — that she was a fickle baggage and that he would plunge into the feminine society afforded by the night life of a small town in Peru. By this time Jack was dressed as for supper at the Dorchester, so he could not, of course, have felt out of place.

There is a happy ending. Why should not one of these Harbach-Romberg-Irving-Cæsar contraptions one day be provided with an unhappy one? Death of the heroine, suicide of the hero, and creeping paralysis, due to some deadly microbe let loose by the villain, setting in among that hearty male chorus, sun-tanned and *fortissimo*, who, directed, of course, by the producer, bawl their songs and shout less hearty folk in the audience into a state of ditherdom? This would, at any rate, be original and would not be much more gloomy than the story of *Nina Rosa* as it is, with its scowls, its flagellation, and the nightmare grimaces and contortions of a real Peruvian dancer, specially imported for the occasion. Honestly, she terrified me.

A super Leslie Henson, a super Harry Tate, and a super George Robey, all thrown into one, would have been hard put to it to infuse fun into such surroundings. Mr. Freddie Forbes is none of these things, and I cannot say that he was hilariously amusing. But he took every chance he could get most manfully, and he gave me the impression that if he were given a true comedian's part he could get away with it. The words of one lyric—a duet involving reading from a Baedeker—were of such horrifying imbecility that I trust Mr. Forbes did not endure the agony I suspected he did.

Miss Ethelind Terry—it is a long time since the Lyceum had a Miss E. Terry for its leading lady—has a small singing voice and obviously cannot put across this sort of stuff with the strength and assertiveness of, say, Miss Edith Day. Mr. Geoffrey Gwyther, who seemed to have wandered in like a being from a better-bred world, sang and acted with a pleasant assurance as the hero. The music of *Nina Rosa* is imperturbably reminiscent, Mr. Robert Chisholm making a big and deserved hit with a version of the "Siciliana" from *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

"The Fountain of Youth."

I doubt whether *The Fountain of Youth*, Sir Nigel Playfair's midsummer offering at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, cost a tenth of the *Nina Rosa* production (which, in all fairness, is most sumptuous, conscientious, and beautiful); yet there is more genuine diversion in ten minutes of it than in the whole of that expensive affair.

It has long puzzled me that the vast mass of the British play-going public should regard the Lyric, Hammersmith, as a highbrow establishment, and be rather shy of it as such, while they will accept as their normal haunts any theatre which presents a play of mournful elaboration.

The secret, of course, is sex. The musical-drama of the popular type is heavy with sex. It is the stage counterpart to films about the Foreign Legion with Marlene Dietrich or Greta Garbo in them. Sir Nigel's productions are almost entirely sexless. I do not mean that they are indeterminate or emasculated. But sex and passion are not harped upon from beginning to end, and one does not find down Hammersmith way a hero and

THE PRICELESS PAIR: Mr. Ralph Lynn and Mr. Tom Walls with Miss Marjorie Corbett in a scene from the latest "mixture as before," Turkey Time, *at the Aldwych*

heroine glaring at each other like a couple of amorous cats and occasionally singing like them. One can get so sick of sex on the stage. Often do I feel like echoing the old music-hall ditty —"Sing us a song about something to eat and give the girls a rest!"

The Fountain of Youth is not about something to eat but about something to drink—water. The spring at the old farmhouse is in very truth a *pons juventutis* and also a *fons et origo* of as genuinely comic a little comic opera I have seen since *Tantivy Towers*, of which it is a worthy successor. The fantasy—an old farmer and his wife who magically regain their youth and realize the business value of their water supply—never wears thin. Mr. Graham Robertson is in the happy mood he was a good many years ago, when he wrote *Pinkie and the Fairies*, and there is not a dull moment in the two all too short acts. Mr. Roy Russell as the farmer, Mr. Scott Russell in a part not far removed from the Gilbertian Shadbolt, Mr. Percy Heming as a City man, and Miss Nellie Briercliffe are all first-rate. Miss Margery Hicklin might have been a trifle daintier.

Mr. Alfred Reynolds's music is pleasant, straightforward, and always musicianly. He can turn out a catchy tune without descending to the banal, and we are mercifully spared those familiar stretches of near-Puccini, near-Wagner, and nowhere-near originality.

"The Piper."

The curtain-raiser, *The Piper*, strikes a sadder note. This version of the *Pied Piper of Hamelin* is an earnest and poetic piece of work. Mr. Herbert Ferrers's music is of the type that a clever cathedral organist might turn out for the local amateur operatic society; but that is a type not necessarily to be sneered at, and it has some beautiful moments. Mr. Percy Heming made the Piper a strangely compelling figure, and Miss Olive Dyer, as the lame child, showed that she is a find. She must play Hansel or Gretel one day.

Madame Ida Rubinstein.

The opera seasons at Covent Garden and the Lyceum have been succeeded at the former by a strange little St. Martin's summer in the form of the appearance of Madame Ida Rubinstein. These have proved several things not without interest, one of them being that London does not accept with docility the verdict of Paris or, to be exact, of the Paris press. Madame Rubinstein is a wealthy woman of much personal charm, who is blessed (or cursed) with ambitions as a dancer and an actress, but who is without the talent or the technique to figure to more than a mediocre extent in either capacity.

When the singular mildness of her dancing notably in Ravel's *Bolero*—which needs the native fire of La Tortajada or of Tina Meller, but received from her only a few gentle twists and turns which an untrained amateur could execute with consummate ease—is called in question, it is usually pointed out that madame is primarily a mime. I do not think she is even a good mime. But there are certain works where dancing rather than miming is essential, and the *Bolero* and *La Valse* of Ravel are two of them. Had the former been *danced* by its principal figure it would have been a *furore*, for the stage picture and the work of the *corps de ballet* were excellent.

Beautiful stage pictures were vouchsafed to us also in *Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien*, which was gaily translated by a certain journal as "The Martyrdom at San Sebastian." It was not the fault of Madame Rubinstein who, whether dressed as St. George or as Hamlet, stood still most gracefully at crucial moments, that this proved very dull. Gabriele d'Annunzio, whose *The Dead City* is so superb, is not at his happiest in this long, long mystic drama, which for some reason he wrote in French, and not very good French; nor was Debussy at the top of his form when he wrote this music—the music of a tired man. The play is wordy, and often rather silly. By the time it had finished, at close on midnight, the stock of both d'Annunzio and Debussy in this country had gone down with a wallop. M. Desjardins, as the Emperor Diocletian, is a good actor and strove to bring the play to life in the scene in which the prostrate saint is smothered beneath a coverlet of roses. But long before that the audience had been smothered with a coverlet of boredom.

What Madame Rubinstein has shown us of decided value is the careful attention to grouping that exists in her ballet. Indeed, the choreography generally was excellent. But Madame Rubinstein has yet to realize that London likes to see plays acted and ballets danced, and that this applies even to the person who happens to be playing the chief rôle. Enthusiasm and a certain stiff dignity are not enough.

Sasha

TRUE LOVE! Mr. Derek Oldham and Miss Winnie Melville (Mrs. Derek Oldham off the stage) in Forever After, *a new operetta now on tour which is to come to London*

STAGE AND SCREEN

MODERN "SINGERS" OF MODERN MUSIC: *The huge puppets used in the New York and Philadelphia productions of Stravinsky's opera-oratorio,* Œdipus Rex. *Their rôles are sung by accredited stars. The puppets are seen above with M. Leopold Stoukowski, the conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra*

"DON'T THINK I'LL BATE A STIVER": *Mr. Percy Heming as the Piper and Mr. Harry Brindle as the Mayor in* The Piper, *the musical drama of Browning's poem at the Lyric, Hammersmith, by Herbert Ferrers*

EAST LYNNE ON THE FILMS: *Conrad Nagel and Ann Harding, a star whose rise to fame has been meteoric, in the Fox Movietone presentation of the famous "barnstorming" classic produced by Frank Lloyd. Inset above on right is a character study in the Reinhardt production of the Graeco-Trojan tragedy,* Die Schoene Helena, *in Berlin*

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE—GRAECO-GERMAN VERSION: *A scene from Offenbach's* Die Schoene Helena, *Max Reinhardt's new production at the Kurfürstendamm Theater, Berlin. Jarmila Novotna is seen above in the title rôle, with Hans Moser as Menelaus, treated as a fatuous cuckold, and Gera Nieman, a Reinhardt protégé, as the Trojan trouble-maker. Paris*

THE GUITRYS IN DUTCH MOOD: *Sacha Guitry as Frans Hals and Yvonne Printemps as Annette in the quasi-historical drama—an art form they have made peculiarly their own and in which they excel—entitled* Frans Hals *or* Admiration, *at the Théâtre de la Madeleine. This new play has been incorporated in the Guitry repertoire*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

BATHROOMS *are Beautiful* NOW

It is frankly refreshing to be able to consider at least one room which is not hampered by "period" traditions. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that there are no bathroom traditions which anyone of to-day would willingly revive.

Who, for instance, would endure for a moment those really horrid unenclosed cast-iron Victorian baths, with dingy green marbled exteriors and quite extraordinarily unattractive runs of pipe work? Or their alternative, the same sort of bath in a wooden casing—which casing, being thoughtfully provided with convenient little doors, made a wonderful "glory-hole" for all sorts of odds and ends such as pails, buckets, brushes, floor-cloths, and so forth?

The beautiful bathroom is a very modern idea. Regarded as an independent structural unit, suitably planned and equipped, it may definitely be said to be neo-Georgian (it is understood that I am not taking into consideration the elaborate and artistic bathing rooms of the ancient Romans). Utility alone no longer satisfies anyone; and while, quite rightly, we keep a critical eye on the arrangements that ensure to us "the benison of hot water," we determine that the taps which deliver it shall be chromium plated, and that the bath and the room into which they deliver it shall be as beautiful in colour, material, and design as our mind and our money can make them.

Decorative schemes, naturally, must vary with the individual, but it may safely be said that most people like a marble bathroom if they can afford it. These are not so prohibitive as they sound, and I saw one in Paris recently which could scarcely be bettered for beauty of colouring, sincerity of purpose, and simplicity of design.

The scheme was exquisitely carried out in black and jade and silver. In detail it consisted of a jade-lined, black marble bath to which, in the adjoining dressing-room, there was a companion piece in the form of a black and jade washing basin with a low splash-back and shelf of black marble set with boxes and bottles and scent-sprays of jade-green crystal.

The floor was beautiful, too; a mosaic of black and jade and another green slightly darker and more emphatic.

M. SHERRIFF MOTT

IN BLACK, JADE, AND SILVER: The dressing-room portion of a bathroom in a Paris flat. It is lit from the ceiling

LIT FROM THE CEILING: The bathroom of a Paris flat. The dressing-room portion seen on left is reflected in the mirror

PLASTIC PAINT

A New Decorating Medium

There is always something new for the inside of the house. One of the more recent ideas in interior wall decoration is the texture relief finish produced through the use of plastic paint. The possibilities of this new material have opened up a practically unlimited number of decorative effects. The many amateur painters who love creative handwork will find this rough textured wall decoration quite simple to produce.

Plastic paint is usually brushed on to the surface with a large whitewash brush, piling it on in a film about one-eighth of an inch thick, or as much thick as desired according to the effect. Often it is spread on with a broad knife.

After it has set a few minutes the texture is developed. This is done in various ways—a brush, spoon, spatula, flexible putty knife, sponge and wad of cloth being some of the implements used. Some effects are produced with the fingers. Swirl and sunburst effects may be developed with scrolls and twisting, sweeping movements.

The sand swirl is developed by stippling, usually with a brush or sponge, to a decidedly rough texture; coloured sand is then blown on to the surface, and finally, while the material is still wet, a long palette knife is drawn along the surface, first in one direction and then in another, varying the pressure and waggling the knife while drawing it over the paint, producing fanciful and unusually beautiful swirls in all directions. After the plastic texture has been produced, and while the material is still wet, coloured sand is blown on to the surface.

A monastic texture, such as is found in old monasteries, very suitable for ceilings, may be reproduced by applying the paint with a regular whitewash brush, using short, semi-circular strokes so that one brush stroke crosses or starts out from another, the brush marks remaining in the plastic paint and showing in the finished effect.

An ordinary stipple finish may be produced by pouncing with an ordinary painter's stippling brush.

G. Bernard Hughes

THE USE OF PLASTIC PAINT: A rough-stippled effect on the wall executed by the new treatment

DIVAN AND BOOK-CASE IN ONE: The latest space-saving novelty from Paris

DIVANS de LUXE

The Latest Designs from Paris

There are many new ways in Paris this season of upholstering, arranging, and finishing a divan. Most divans are used for beds, as for some time past the French have dispensed with the ordinary bedroom.

It seems an admirable arrangement, especially where space is limited, as it leaves one or several more rooms at the owners' disposal, instead of setting aside the ordinary bedrooms. Of course, there are always the built-in cupboards for wardrobes, and the very convenient built-in wash basin, with running water.

The built-in idea seems to add other pieces of furniture as it goes along. The book-case and divan bed is, perhaps, the most interesting "all-in-one" piece of furniture for the up-to-date room, and is a joy to the book-lover, who merely stretches out a hand to right or left to get a selection of books.

Large and roomy divans are used where comfort is considered, and long, round bolster pillows are attractive, covered in the daytime with a gay-coloured silk cover. Paris shows a quantity of divans, always on a dais, with a variety of tones of the same colour. One example was a dark-green painted dais, with a lighter green wood for the divan, another shade of green—almost an olive-green—for the coverlet of artificial silk, and a silver-coloured bolster, with tassels of soft silk in a rich green to tone with the dais.

Another suggestion for use with chromium-plated fittings and steel furniture, both of which have a cold look, is a soft shade of rose-coloured velvet. Divans covered with this, and paler cushions and coverlets add a look of warmth, and a real old rose pile carpet is bound to fit in the scheme.

Many of the new divans are finished with tall wooden backs resembling an old-fashioned settle. The wood is fixed in sections, and looks like panelling. Some are in painted (cellulose sprayed) wood and others in plain oak, but the latter are usually found in men's rooms, where the divan happens to be of the substantial type, upholstered in plain chestnut velvet.

Violet King

STYLE MODERNE: Steel furniture is relieved by velvet upholstery in this attractive and typical corner

THE HISTORY *of* COIFFURE

"Woman's Crowning Glory" Passed in Review through the Variations of Five Centuries

A caricature depicting the extravagant coiffures that were affected by the ladies of the eighteenth century

Nothing less than a frigate in full sail is the hair ornamentation adopted by this charming lady of the eighteenth century

A becoming coiffure worn by a lady of the reign of Louis XVI. Plumes and jewels add an attractive finish

This style of hair-dressing was favoured by Louise d'Orléans, Queen of the Belgians, wife of Leopold I

Simplicity was the keynote of the coiffure during the middle of the nineteenth century and lace caps were also worn

Milliners of to-day have taken for inspiration this gay little hat which completed the toilet of a lady of fashion in the sixties

In 1872 fashions were more sedate. This coiffure with its spray of roses is typical of the period

in 1890 frizzy curls and a perky hat were the order of the day. At this time bicycling for women became popular

Someone once said that woman will dare everything, suffer anything in the cause of fashion—and certainly the briefest study of the history of hairdressing would seem to bear out the truth of this remark.

So far back as the time of the ancient Gauls women were busy dyeing their hair. Apparently even in those brave days "gentlemen preferred blondes," for blonde hair was definitely the mode of the moment and, according to one account, women dyed their hair yellow with the aid of lime water, or red with a mixture of goat's fat and beech-ashes. The ladies of Rome even went so far as to scatter gold dust on their heads.

But it was during the eighteenth century that hairdressing really reached the height of folly and extravagance. A lady of fashion would suffer untold discomforts in order to follow the dictates of the mode of the time. A coiffure was such an intricate and expensive affair that it was frequently left for a week or ten days—sometimes with most unpleasant consequences.

During the reign of Louis XIV, ladies wore two large tufts of frizzed hair at the sides; these were known as the "Mancini" tuft. Later they affected two thick corkscrew curls; these were called "repenters."

The perfected wig dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the hair was first knotted on fine linen weft known as "point de Milan," because invented in that city.

To-day the coiffure is a far more simple affair than it has ever been, and science has now provided every conceivable contrivance to lessen the discomforts attendant to the pursuit of beauty. An up-to-date saloon is shown on this page, where special attention has been paid to the decoration, so that a restful atmosphere prevails.

MARJORIE DAY.

This illustration shows a modern hair-dressing saloon where the newest equipment is installed for milady's toilet. André Hugo, Sloane Street

The head-dress typical of the fifteenth century is depicted by Piero della Francesca in his "Portrait of an Unknown Lady"

A simple and becoming fifteenth century style of hairdressing is suggested by this well-known Botticelli portrait of a young lady

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

SKIS, SUN, *and* SNOW

are Features of the

AUSTRALIAN WINTER

The Joys of Switzerland and Tyrol are Available for Those who Visit Down Under in the Months of Europe's Summer

THE SWITZERLAND OF THE SOUTH: Mount Buffalo National Park, Victoria, one of the great centres of Alpine sports "down under"

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

July . . .

A huge fire crackles cheerily at one end of the big hostel lounge. A trim maid pours out post-dinner coffee and another hands it to guests who are furtively manœuvring chairs nearer the blaze. From the bathroom across the hall, where steam radiators are turned full on, come sounds of a panatrope and flying feet . . Anything to keep warm.

"Two no trumps: shall we move a little nearer the fi—?" is cut short by the declaration of a grand slam by the drawing-room door backed by a willing hand. A girl draws a curtain and peers out. "Hooray," she yells, "it's a dinkum fall this time."

It has been snowing heavily for ten hours . . .

Five or six thousand feet up in Australia's dividing range, south of the thirty-fifth parallel, is a thought which at this time of year has a similar reaction to that of a strawberry ice after a hard set of tennis. And Australians, at the moment, are thoroughly enjoying their ice creams of snow which, with any luck, is hard set. At the Hotel Kosciusko on the roof of the sunny continent, where the earth's oldest land surface is supposed to be; at the Mount Buffalo Chalet perched on the edge of a terrific gorge; on the slopes of Tasmania's stabbing peaks, young men and maidens, yea, even old men and children, are buckling on skis and snow-shoes, stemming, telemarking, tobogganing, bobsleighing, drosky-ing, skating, sliding, slithering, and with simple exuberant abandon merely throwing snowballs. For there is no vertical-nosed disapproval of such things in Australia. People enjoy themselves. After all, snow only descends on certain favoured spots once a year for two or three months.

But it is real, and often feet deep. One can cross the points of one's skis without hitting anything hard or biting anything but snow; one can, if one wishes or dynamic laws insist, assume a sitting posture without the subsequent necessity of consuming one's meals standing or totally recumbent. And, contrary to a large body of opinion on this side of the globe, the right wing of which is frankly sceptical of any sort of snow at all in Australia, there is considerably more than an acre of it in any given spot. Let the photographs on this page corroborate.

"SKI-PRINTS IN THE SNOWS OF TIME": A typical scene on the dazzling fields beneath the brilliant sun of an Australian July

Somebody, of course, from the right wing will protest that these pictures are obviously faked because the trees are all out in leaf. Let him come and see for himself. Let him come for a demonstration that all Australia's eucalypts which are more or less ubiquitous, shed their bark but not their leaves, irrespective of latitude, altitude, or opinions to the contrary. And then we'll push him down the "Whizz-Bang" on the most slithery pair of skis we can find and wait at the bottom with an armful of snowballs for him should he eventually get there.

It is one of Australia's many pleasant and picturesque incongruities that the trees remain in full leaf. Photographers have come specially to make studies of snow scenes which lose in bleakness and gain in softness from the foliage; while painters have found that the contrasting blacks and whites of other winter landscapes are immensely relieved, apart from the cobalt sky and the brilliant sunshine, by the varying greens and the red-pink patches that streak the trunks of the snow-gums, for all the world like healthy sun-burn. But Australia is essentially a country of colour. Only far inland does the brown of hot summers dominate.

Snow sports have been given a big impetus in the last decade. Ski clubs have arisen in Sydney, Melbourne, and Tasmania, and every year hold their events on one or other of the heights. They have even gone so far as to import films from Switzerland to show them how intricate evolutions are performed in the best circles—or figures eight. They are enthusiasts.

WINTER SPORTS IN JULY: A happy group at Mount Buffalo National Park, Victoria, where the variety of snowy pastimes rivals that at St. Moritz or Mürren

"WHERE BLADES ETCH ICE IN BOLD OR WAVERED SWEEP": Lake Catani is, in winter (i.e. July), the great centre for skating. In summer it is a placid mirror set in Mount Buffalo National Park, Victoria

And so are the dilettante members of the general public, some of whom go year after year to the hostels and châlets of the alp country, which are excellently run and remarkably reasonable in the matter of tariffs. Sports gear, even to boots, mackintosh cape and breeches, can be hired for nominal sums, steam-heated drying rooms are provided, and comfort is a paramount consideration.

And then if time is short, and one suddenly remembers that liners on which cabins are booked wait for no man, one can get back to the warmth of the coast easily and quickly by motor coaches and trains. In fact, such is Australia's range of climates that one may ski and toboggan and plunge into the rollers of a sun-drenched beach without a shiver, all within the space of a couple of days or so. It is quite simple and there's no catch in it—not even a cold. And it's all done in the mid-winter season which in some parts of the island continent is the most delightful of the year.

ANGLAUSTRALIS

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The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE IMPORTANCE OF ACCESSIBILITY.—The average owner to-day has very little idea as to whether his car is easy to dismantle or not, but in actual fact accessibility means quite a lot to him, if not in time at least in money. The modern motor vehicle has been brought to such a state of perfection that it scarcely ever needs road-side repairs until it has reached a respectable age. At that time certain parts are almost bound to require renewal, and then the moment arrives, if the owner himself does the work, when accessibility assumes the utmost importance. Perhaps only 50 per cent. of the modern car owners do their own running repairs and adjustment. Those that are energetic enough in this direction very soon learn whether the designer of their car studied accessibility or not. The others who hand their cars over to garages for attention may not realize the importance of this factor, but if they only knew that the size of their bill is in some way proportionate to the accessibility of the various parts of their car they might be more concerned. This subject has been brought to my attention through my embarking on an overhaul of a second-hand Wolseley car which I recently bought for £10. Let me make it quite clear that the overhaul now being done to this vehicle is purely a labour of love undertaken by my staff and not because the car gave any signs of requiring urgent attention. The clutch was not quite so smooth in the take-up as might have been desired, and, therefore, it was decided to take it to pieces to ascertain the cause of the trouble. Various bolts, nuts, and controls were removed and the clutch was partially withdrawn.

Nothing, however, would induce the member to separate itself from the fly-wheel, and at one particular moment it seemed as if the back axle would have to be dismantled or the engine loosened and pushed forward in order to extract the part required. Having consulted someone who had previous experience I was told that if two or three heavy men jumped on the rear of the body the back springs would flatten out sufficiently to allow the propeller shaft to be pushed sideways, and this would then permit the clutch assembly to be removed. This advice was found to be perfectly correct, but the desired end was not achieved because a cross-shaft carrying the brake pedal kept the clutch more or less in its place. After a council of war it was decided to take down this shaft—a job which was none too easy. All the bolts connecting it to the frame were removed, but even then it would not budge. I then found that the cables to the front wheel brakes were holding it in its place. This difficulty was removed, but still the cross-shaft defied all efforts to remove it. Two greasers then appeared to obstruct the completion of the operation, and in due course they were unscrewed. This allowed a certain amount of movement but not sufficient for the purpose, so another examination was made. This time the metal tray was at fault, and after an hour's work removing ten very inaccessible bolts the tray was persuaded to separate itself from the chassis.

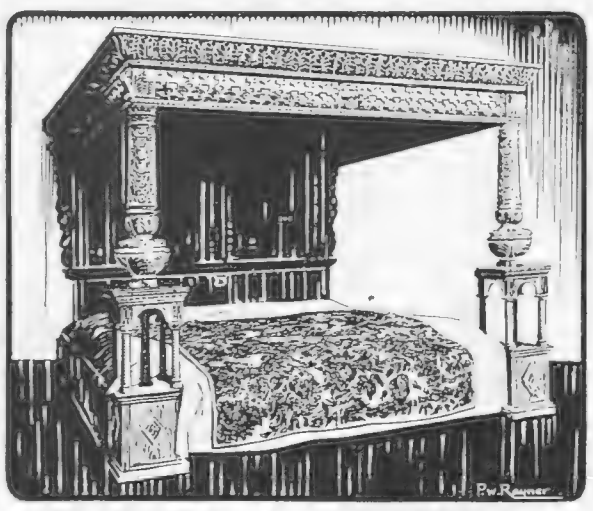
At long last the clutch complete with its plates was lifted out. What should have been twenty minutes' work actually took six hours or more, and nothing will persuade me that all this additional work was in any way necessary. If I were the managing director of a motor-car factory I would insist upon my designer running the car for which he was responsible, and compelling him to carry out all repairs unaided. By such means I think I would ensure my car being reasonably accessible. This desirable feature does receive a certain amount of attention and methods have undoubtedly improved, but the ideal car in this respect has not yet been produced, although we have progressed from the time when in order to clean a piston top the body and back axle had to be removed from the chassis, this being an actual case which I myself witnessed not many years ago.

TRAFFIC CONTROL.—Much has appeared in the daily and technical press regarding the new traffic experiments at present being carried out in and around Oxford Street, London. Certain writers say the scheme is absolutely right, and others are just as certain that it is all wrong. Personally I feel confident that the true judgment on the scheme is that certain parts of it work well whilst others can only be described as grotesque. The other day I purposely set out in my car to see what actually happened in practice. I found in trying to get up Kingsway into High Holborn I was switched off to the left at the Holborn Restaurant corner, then made to go right and eventually was turned into Southampton Row.

Although I was compelled to cover much more ground, I was held up before entering Southampton Row and before being permitted to turn into High Holborn for a length of time which I am sure was greater than when traffic went straight through. I am a keen believer in the so-called "merry-go-round" scheme, but unless the road junctions are suitable for the application of this principle it is absurd to put it into force. It is ridiculous to ask a driver of a car proceeding eastwards down the Strand to go all round Aldwych in order to proceed over Waterloo Bridge. In other words, the cross-roads at the top of Kingsway and those where Wellington Street crosses the Strand are not in any way suitable for a "merry-go-round." I would suggest that at these two places the authorities should return to their old method of traffic control but to instruct the police to pass traffic every half minute instead of at the longer intervals which are so tiresome and unnecessary. At neither of these points is traffic any worse than it is at l'Avenue de l'Opéra in Paris, yet there no great congestion appears to arise due to the fact that no one is held up for more than thirty seconds. Whilst writing on the question of traffic control I would like to suggest

(Continued on p. 120)

TWO DISTINGUISHED FIGURES OF MODERN LIFE: The film star, Miss Anne Grey, and a 21–60-h.p. Wolseley Landaulette, both of which have won laurels in their several spheres



The Great Bed of Ware

SINCE the sixteenth century the Great Bed of Ware has frequently figured in the history and literature of England. Kings have slept between its coverings and it is adorned with what are supposedly the seals of Barons, Bishops and Knights who took an interest in this remarkable piece of furniture.

The rich and elaborate carving on its stately pillars is still fresh and beautiful, despite the wear and decay of four centuries. Old chroniclers varied in their account of how many persons the Bed would hold. Their estimates were between eight and twenty-four. Sufficient to say that it is indeed a great bed.

Until recently at Rye House, Hertfordshire, the Great Bed of Ware is now on exhibition at our London Galleries. The charge for admission is One Shilling, the proceeds being devoted to The National Art-Collections Fund the Members of which are admitted free.

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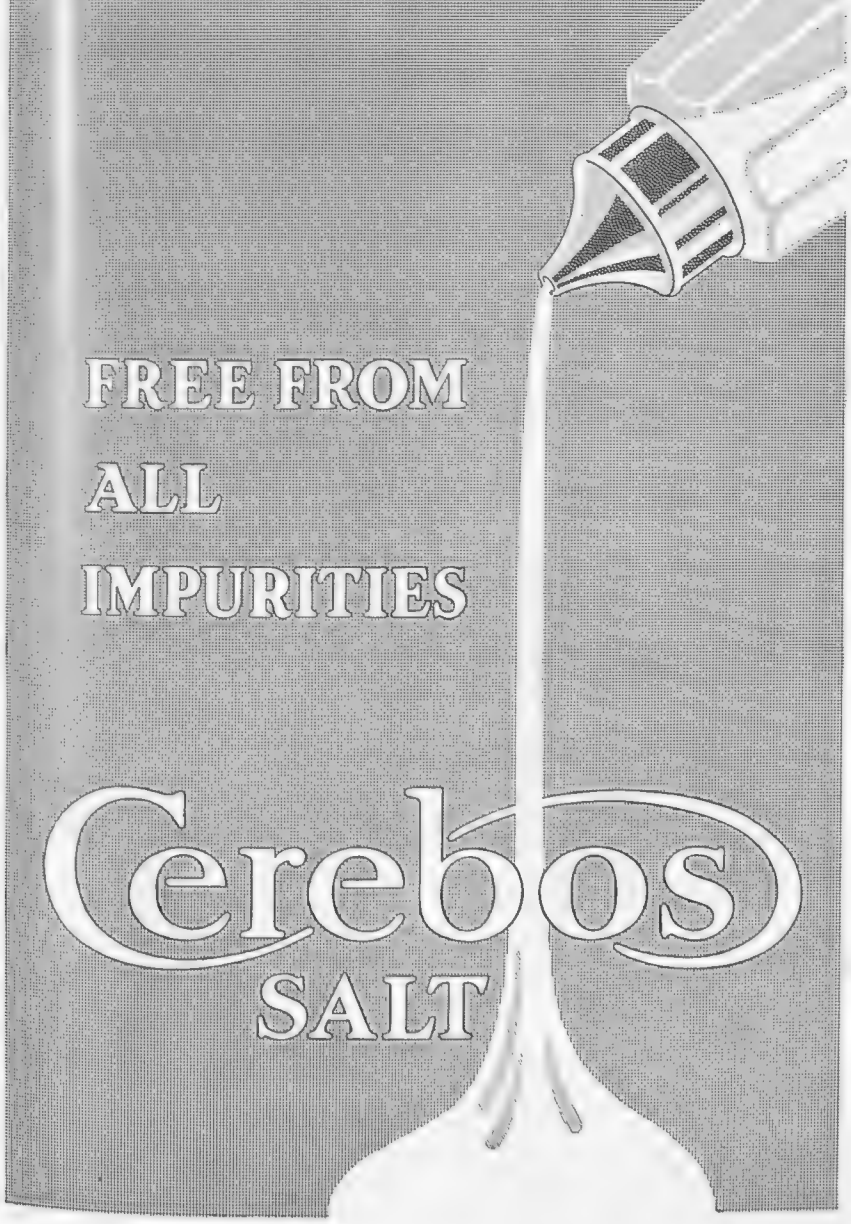

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"WIZARD" AND MAGIC: A new Hillman model and Miss Lea Seidl, whose singing and acting in *The White Horse Inn*, the successful Tyrolean play which marks the Coliseum's debut as a "straight" theatre, has evoked in London the magic of the Dolomites

The PETROL World
(Continued)

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

(*Continued from p.* 118)

to the authorities that the mobile police should have their attention drawn to the present practice of two or more cyclists riding abreast. There are very few things that are more annoying than, after waiting many minutes in a row of vehicles anxious to overtake, to find the road completely blocked by two or more cyclists approaching in the manner described. I know the champions of cycling will say that it is unreasonable to expect two single-track machines to ride one behind the other and that it is only fair they should ride abreast for company sake just as a motor-car carries two or more people side by side. My answer to that is that if two cyclists wish to converse they have only to mount themselves on a tandem machine. They have no more right to keep two machines abreast than I have to travel along the road solo in my car with a friend solo in another car driving beside me.

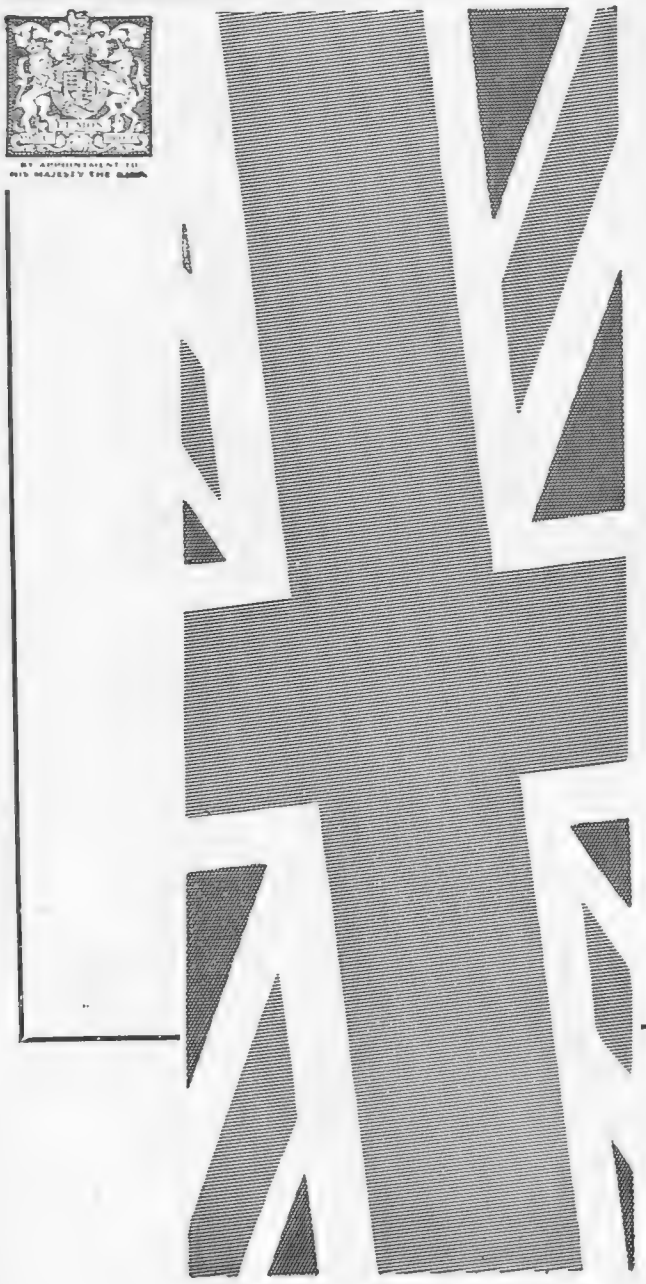
A WONDER-FACTORY.—I accepted an invitation the other day extended to me by the directors of the Firestone Tyre and Rubber Co., Ltd., to visit their factory on the Great West Road. Anyone who has travelled down this main artery must have noticed either by day or by night the very striking design of this ultra-modern factory. At night time it is perhaps more conspicuous, but whether the light is natural or artificial the building is certainly one of the most imposing that has been erected in or around London during the past five years.

I was interested, therefore, to inspect the interior. I found that the whole process of tyre manufacture is carried out on the most modern lines and that the workers perform their daily tasks under almost ideal conditions. After watching covers and tubes being made I feel quite convinced that any motorist buying a product from this factory will always obtain real value for money.

I have never seen employees work with such gusto, and I am sure there is not a healthier lot in any factory in the kingdom. This is not the result of any piece of good luck, but of a careful plan to safeguard and improve the health of every person working on the premises. Every conceivable size of tyre is manufactured, and whether the cover is used on a motor-cycle or a large commercial vehicle, the pattern of the tread is specially designed for the peculiar needs of the particular vehicle. Thoroughness and efficiency go hand in hand in this factory, and whatever the output may be to-day I am sure it will go on increasing if the quality of the goods is anything like what it appears—a contingency I have neither reason nor intuition to doubt.

RILEY RELIABILITY. — The Riley Motor Club's twenty-four hours' trial — the first of its kind ever held in this country — was brought to a successful conclusion at Llangollen on Saturday (July 4). Seventy out of the seventy-one starters completed the course, this being a remarkable tribute to the reliability of the modern car. The event was divided into two sections, night and day. Various starting points were fixed throughout the country, and competitors drove all night to the rallying place, Brecon, in South Wales. Most of the distances from the starting points to Brecon were nearly 300 miles. After breakfast the day section began with a 150-mile course, largely over rough tracks on the Welsh mountains. Staylittle Hill and Bwlch-y-groes were included, and to avoid loss of marks competitors had to average 22 m.p.h. over the timed sections of each of these hills. The premier award was won by Mr. Crosthwaite, who started from Leeds, and the best performance by a woman driver was made by Mrs. Harold Goodwin, who set off from Southsea. Mr. J. Hobbs, starting from London, received the Directors' Challenge Trophy for the best performance in the trade class. All the cars, of course, were of Riley manufacture.

"ECCELITE" No. 10: This new Eccles caravan provides ample accommodation and meets the needs of owners of small and medium powered cars, who require a family trailer caravan. The weight is kept down to a minimum so that it is suitable for pulling with the 11·9 h.p. class of car or thereabouts and accommodates four people. The length is 14 ft. At night time it divides into two separate compartments, division being made with a panel partition and panel door. It is light and airy, well equipped, the beds are soft (buoyant mattresses being provided) and all beds are on the same level. The equipment includes food safe, cooker, and utensils, fitted so as to be rattleproof, and placed away neatly in clips in cupboards, a large draining board with bowl and outlet, and a really big wardrobe. Four or more people can sit at the table. For those who desire additional accommodation a lean-to tent may be fitted, and the caravan is so constructed that this is an easy matter



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"Happy-go-Lucky" Snaps

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1st PRIZE £100

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1. Name and address must be written on the back of the photograph. Competitors may send in as many photographs as they like, but each must be accompanied by three outside printed wrappers from Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Prizes valued £350 will be awarded.
2. Photographs must not have been previously published in any way.
3. The Editor of the DAILY SKETCH will act as judge, and his decision must be regarded as final. No correspondence can be entered into in connection with this competition.
4. The last day for receiving entries is August 29, 1931, and the result will be announced in the DAILY SKETCH on September 19, 1931.
5. All photographs submitted must be free from copyright fees. None can be returned under any circumstances.

Address entries to:

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COAL TAR SOAP

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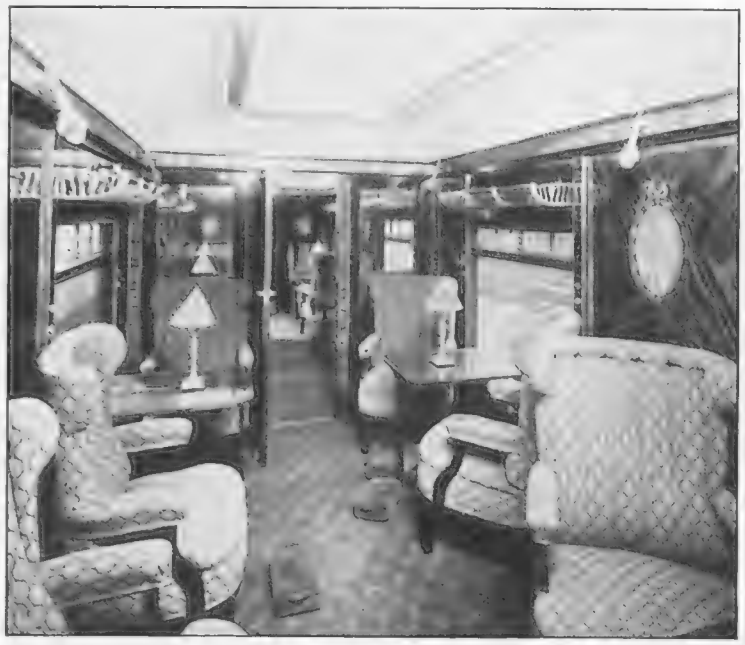
NOTES and NEWS

A SOUTHERN RAILWAY ENTERPRISE—THE "BOURNEMOUTH BELLE"

The progressive Southern Railway has, in association with the Pullman Car Company, inaugurated a new special and luxurious train service to be known as the "Bournemouth Belle," which leaves Waterloo on week-days and Sundays at 10.30 a.m. arriving at Bournemouth Central at 12.39 in time for lunch, taking just two hours and nine minutes to do the 108 miles. The return journey is made by leaving Bournemouth at 5.10 p.m. and reaching Waterloo at 7.18 p.m. On week-days the train goes on to Poole, Wareham, Dorchester, and Weymouth, where it arrives at 1 45, and leaves on its return journey at 4 p.m. Quite a large number of the general public is still unfamiliar with the very small extra charges made for the luxury of Pullman travelling. In addition to the ordinary tourist or week-end fares to Bournemouth, 3s. 6d. on first-class and 2s. on the third-class tickets secures a seat in one of these comfortable cars.

In summer and autumn the railway journey to Bournemouth is particularly delightful, for it traverses the woodland beauty of the New Forest, through the heart of which one passes between Lyndhust Road and Christchurch.

Then there is, when one leaves the luxurious first and third-class Pullman of which the "Bournemouth Belle" entirely consists, Bournemouth itself, with its glorious bay, miles of sandy beach, striking cliffs, public parks and gardens, steamboat excursions, motor-coach tours, golf, bathing, tennis, indoor amusements of all kinds including facilities for dancing at the King's Hall and elsewhere, and last but by no means least its magnificent Pavilion with all sorts of attractions, and a fine Municipal Orchestra. Add to these a particularly interesting and beautiful stretch of surrounding country, which makes it so admirable a centre for holiday makers.



IN LUXURY TO BOURNEMOUTH: The interior of one of the new Pullman cars that form the "Bournemouth Belle," the latest all-Pullman train which runs daily between Waterloo and the famous South Coast resort

AN AUTUMN CRUISE

On October 2 the Canadian Pacific liner, *Empress of Australia*, a fine oil-burning vessel of 22,000 tons, will leave Southampton on a delightful three-weeks' cruise to the Mediterranean. An interesting itinerary has been arranged, as visits will be made to Ceuta, Palma, Ajaccio, Susa, Monte Carlo, Barcelona, Algiers, Casablanca, etc. The *Empress of Australia* is famous the world over for her steadiness and comfort. She has a Pompeiian swimming pool, ballroom, sports deck, gymnasium, etc. Full particulars may be obtained from the Cruise Department, Canadian Pacific, 62-65 Charing Cross, London, S.W.1, or from The Sphere of Travel, 346, Strand, W.C.

ICED AIR

Central heating in the winter—central *cooling* in the summer. This ideal will be realized in England for the first time when the Monseigneur Restaurant in Piccadilly Circus completes the installation of its new refrigerating cooling system whereby iced air will be supplied to the restaurant during the summer months.

There have been persistent rumours in the West End that the Monseigneur is closing down to enable this installation to be made, but this rumour is entirely without foundation. The existing ozone air apparatus is now operating to keep the atmosphere clear and cool and the iced air system will be installed without inconvenience to the restaurant's patrons.

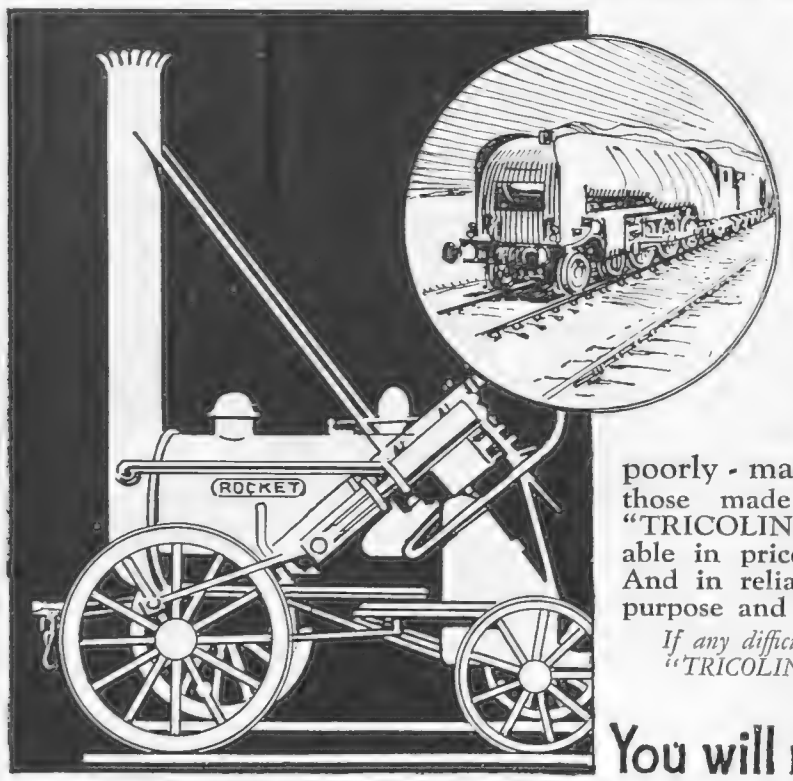
AT LE TOUQUET

This famous resort—the haunt of the *haut monde* on the Normandy coast—is famous for the excellence of its casino, its bathing, its golf, its tennis, and its hotels. This latter feature, ever strong, has recently been strengthened by the Royal Picardy, a seven storey structure of striking and modern design, set in a really lovely private park in which the trees and flowers vie with one another in beauty. The Royal Picardy, named for a famous province and an equally famous regiment, has 500 spacious bedrooms, each with bath and telephone, and every bedroom gives on to the front of the building. An hotel of the super-luxury class, it has private sitting-rooms galore, magnificent public rooms, a fine restaurant, attractive cocktail and sherry bars, and its own thermal establishment, gymnasium, and salt water swimming pool. Even the garage offers clients private lock-ups for their cars, so lavish is the scale of this brilliantly decorated and luxurious caravanserai.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Scout Commissioner for the London District, reporting on the Scout Troop from Bisley School, one of the Society's Homes, says: "This troop camped at my place and I saw a great deal of their work. The camp was excellently run in every respect, the tents and ground were kept free from litter, and everything was well organized. The spirit of the boys is excellent, showing keenness to volunteer for every service required. The camp is one of the best I have inspected in this district." The Shaftesbury Homes is urgently in need of funds. Please help the Society to carry on the work of training poor boys and girls to become good citizens. Gifts should be sent to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

WONDERS OF THE AGES...



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but what would Stephenson have thought of an engine covering four hundred miles in six hours?

Times have changed, too, in shirt and pyjama wear for men. In place of harsh, expensive and poorly-made garments, we have those made of the famous fabric—"TRICOLINE"—silk-smooth, very reasonable in price, and perfectly tailored. And in reliable colours to suit every purpose and inclination.

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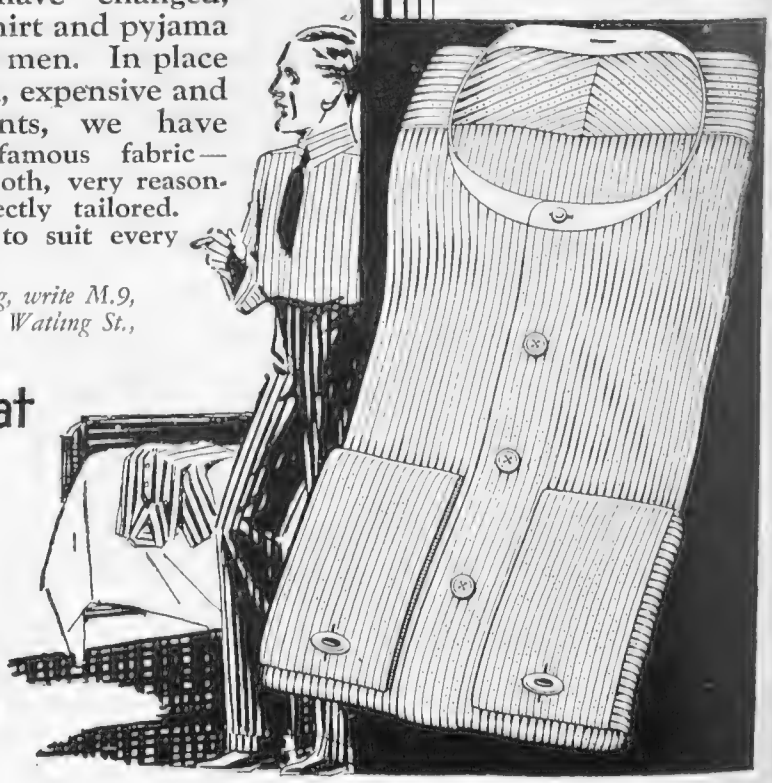

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RURAL *and* GARDENING NOTES *of the* MONTH

DIPPING 4,000,000 SHEEP.—In the Principality of Wales there are, it is estimated, more than 4,000,000 sheep, which are reared for the most part among the mountains and valleys of North and Mid Wales. Every area in Great Britain has its own summer dipping regulations. Most of the sheep in the country are dipped in July and August, but in the uplands of Wales a somewhat later date is generally taken. The first drive of 500,000 sheep on the hills of Denbighshire, Merionethshire, and Montgomeryshire will take place at the end of July, and the second dipping a fortnight later. Sheep farming in pre-Norman times was not an outstanding occupation in Wales. The uplands which now constitute the great sheep walks of North Wales were then mainly given over to the wild deer and the wilder creatures that preyed on them. The comparatively recent development of this branch of farming is proved by the old trade records of Chester, the nearest seaport of the three great sheep-owners of the Triads. Ever since the thirteenth century "scab" has taken a tremendous toll of our British sheep, but it was not until the middle of last century that dipping came to be practised by the farmers. Since the dawn of the present century dipping has become compulsory, and the battle against the scab-mite—which is only one-fortieth of an inch in length—grows more vigorous year by year. North Wales has long been the black spot on the scab map, but the Welsh farmers with the aid of the Ministry of Agriculture are making a determined attack upon the scab problem. The only effective method of destruction of the annoying mite is double dipping within a period of fourteen days—and this is also a useful measure against other parasites including keds, ticks, and blow-fly, maggots which irritate the sheep and reduce them to a low condition. The lambing season among the Welsh hills has been exceptionally good this year, and the flock-masters are keen to keep the animals free from disease. Enormous preparations have now been completed by the Ministry of Agriculture to cover the entire sheep-breeding area, and innumerable dipping tanks have been placed at convenient spots on the hillsides. Sometimes the scab disease, which is only spread by contact, makes a mysterious appearance among the best-regulated flocks which by some mischance have come into contact with infected sheep. To stamp this out arsenic, sulphur, and other effective agents are used, under the direction of Government officials, in the baths into which the sheep are immersed.

THE HOT WEATHER PROBLEMS OF JULY

There is no month of the year when the gardener's work is at an end. The problem with which he is now confronted is that of filling the spaces left vacant by plants that have finished blooming. He knows that peonies, Canterbury bells, sweet rockets, pink and red daisies must be replaced in the borders. But dare he, in a summer of partial droughts such as this has been, transplant the asters, marigolds, zinnias and phloxes, the outdoor chrysanthemums and michaelmas daisies which should succeed them? For unless regular and unlimited watering can be done, these plants from the reserve garden are liable to wither in the hot sun. At the moment the garden is a riot of colour. The climbing roses, Paul's scarlet climber, crimson and blush ramblers and American pillar, Jersey beauty and honeysuckle cover pole and pergola with splashes of crimson and yellow. Of honeysuckle let it be said that, besides the delicious English native, the evergreen Japanese variety shows no resentment at being severely clipped into a hedge, but flowers from top to toe. Delphinium, madonna lilies, evening primrose, anchusa, mauve and white vetch, tall scarlet lychnis, sweet William, pink and crimson and white, and snapdragons, all are at their best and most beautiful. July is a busy time in the seed bed. Rock plants can now be sown, campanulas of all sorts, delphiniums, lupins, aquilegias, pyrethrum, in fact most perennials should be sown now. The young wallflowers should be planted out; and a special bed in a cool part of the garden should be made this month, of fine sand and coconut fibre mixed with good loam, for the striking of cuttings of such plants and pentstemons, lavender pansies, and most flowering shrubs. Carnations, too, and pinks should be propagated this month.

Tie up and keep on tying up all the taller plants at the back of the border. They will grow faster in gratitude. Hedges should get a further trimming and most flowering shrubs should be cut back immediately after flowering. But this must be done with knowledge. Some of the American plants, for instance, make their new buds when the seed pods are ripe, and therefore must not be cut. Many herbaceous plants, such as larkspurs, if carefully cut back to within a foot or so of the ground and given a good mulching, may produce a second crop of bloom with dahlias and chrysanthemums. A mulching of rotted manure on heavy soil, at this time, will be a great protection from drought, and nourish and encourage the plants to further efforts. A good time, this, to go round with pencil and notebook, and jot down happy combinations of colour or otherwise. As a rule, scarlet, orange and flame colours are best by themselves. Marigolds and the beautiful new varieties of montbretias may very well take the place of the tall scarlet poppy, the yellow donoricum, the flame-coloured tulips and yellow daffodils of the spring.

M. Headlam

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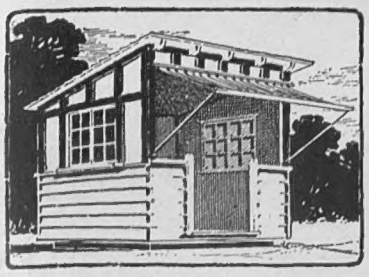

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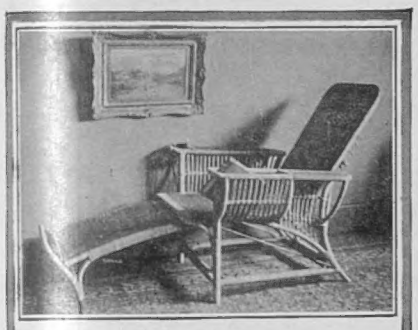

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